

JOHN BULL



HIS MAJESTY THE KING at the Microphone by Stanley Herbert

ROYAL CHRISTMAS BROADCASTS . . . Full story inside



XMAS THOUGHT
Be good, sweet-maid,
And let who will be clever
Most things are scarce—
But National Savings never

National Savings Christmas Cards and Gift Tokens are ideal presents for Christmas. Christmas Cards are free to purchasers of Savings Stamps; Gift Tokens may be bought in units of 15/- each—both obtainable at Post Offices, Trustee Savings Banks or Savings Centres.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

AWARDED THE
C.R.
(CHAPPIE RATION)



Just the finest reward that can come to any dog—but at the moment, unfortunately, restricted to the pets of former regular Chappie users. When supplies do eventually improve, be sure that your dog gets his Chappie: for vets and breeders agree that it is the scientifically-balanced all-round food for dogs—fills them full of health and keeps tails wagging.

Price 1/-

"CHAPPIE"
DOG FOOD

FOOD FACTS

Making your FATS go further

Ideas to help you stretch the rations

How to have enough fat for cooking as well as for the table is still a problem in most households, so here are some good fat-saving recipes. Don't forget you can add to your fat ration by trimming off surplus fat from meat before cooking, and melting this down.

OVEN-FRIED FISH (for 2 or 3)

1 level tablespoon flour; ½ level teaspoon salt; pepper; pinch of grated nutmeg; 2 tablespoons milk; 1 lb. fillet of fish, cut in pieces; browned breadcrumbs; 1 oz. cooking fat or dripping.

Blend flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg with milk. Dip pieces of fish in this and then roll in browned crumbs. Heat fat in baking tin or shallow fire-proof dish, and, when hot, arrange fish in it. Bake in hot oven for ½ hour.



SANDWICH SPREADS SAVE YOUR MARGARINE

Date Spread: 4 oz. dates; 4 tablespoons water; 2 level teaspoons custard powder; 1 teaspoon lemon essence.

Stone dates and stew in water until soft. Mix custard powder to smooth paste with a little cold water. Add it to dates with the lemon essence. Bring to boil and cook 3 minutes, stirring all the time.

FAT-SAVING PASTRY

1 oz. fat; 5 oz. plain flour; ½ level teaspoon salt; 2½ level teaspoons baking powder; milk to mix.

Rub fat into flour, add salt and baking powder. Mix to a soft scone dough with milk. Roll out and use to cover a pie; bake in a hot oven. Use also in place of suet pastry for steamed meat or fruit puddings.

How to get your Christmas sweets

For period No. 6 (Dec. 9-Jan. 5) D coupons will be worth 2 points, entitling everyone to an extra 4 oz. during this 4-week period.

SOAP. The two coupons for period No. 6 are K21/22 and 23/24. In Buff General Ration Book (RBG) and Blue Junior Ration Book (RBJ) — 21/22 is worth ONE ration and 23/24 TWO rations. Both coupons in Child's Green Book (RB2) are worth TWO rations.

POINTS CHANGES Period 6. Dec. 9—Jan. 5.

UP—CANNED STEWED STEAK OR STEWED STEAK WITH KIDNEY from 12 to 16 per lb.

DOWN—CANNED MEAT AND VEGETABLES from 6 to 4 per lb. Small quantities of imported Danish Cheese will be available 12 per lb. There will be no change in value of points coupons A-1, B-2, C-2.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 23

The floor's a safe 'playground' for Ken. You see, Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather removes both dirt and the germs it carries. Wherever it is used mother knows there's grand health protection in

Lifebuoy
More than a GOOD SOAP—a good habit!

2½d per tablet



L 420-943-65 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

PLENTY OF POUNCE



"Modern kittens have no manners. Fancy teasing a fellow when he's ill."



"For mewing out loud—'Tibs'—that'll put pounce into my paws again."

A WEEK LATER



"Come on kittens! Time we hit the high spots—high-he for a roof-top race!"

TIBS
keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule—
one powder a day.
'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.
A product of
Bob Martin Ltd.
Southport

Growing up on
Cadburys
BOURNVILLE
COCOA



NEXT TIME I'LL GET AN ATLAS!

ATLAS LAMPS
for **STAYING POWER**

Thorn Electrical Industries Limited, Judd Street, London, W.C.1



BRYLCREEM
by Jove!
some chaps are lucky!



Yes, you can see from his hair that he's clicked for a bottle of Brylcreem. Here's hoping it will be your lucky turn next.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

THE *Quick* WAY

TO A
NEW SENSE
OF ASSURANCE



Have you ever noticed that all poised, assured women have one thing in common? They always look fresh. You, too, can have the freshness that brings confidence and a sense of well-being. It's simple — just this:

To ensure a CLEAR SKIN and remove skin eruptions add a little O-syl to your wash-water.

Be sure of SWEET BREATH — gargle morning and night with O-syl.

To be always FRAGRANT dab perspiration pores with O-syl and water.

For PERSONAL HYGIENE use O-syl and water regularly as directed.

Added to your new sense of assurance will be a feeling of confidence, too, for O-syl is a medical product.



the drop-by-drop
ANTISEPTIC

1/11d. and 7d. including Tax

TWO DROPS OF O-STYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

BE MODERN



WEAR A

Kangolmonty

Be sure to get one when available

DRUMMER DYES

Still lead the way for
successful home dyeing



write to JOHN BULL about it

We try to forget our troubles at Christmas. But sometimes problems are too pressing to be overlooked. If you cannot solve your difficulties, why not write to this Service for free advice?

A.T.S. GIRL SEEKS PASSAGE WITH G.I. BRIDES

"I AM SERVING in the A.T.S. and am engaged to an American. We were on the point of marriage when he was sent home. He is now a civilian. My group number is 43, so I shall not be released for some time yet.

"While I am in the Forces I cannot put my name down on the list for transport to America. Can I get released from the Forces? I am told that there would be no chance of a passage before June as there are so many young wives to be taken first, but naturally my journey there means so much to my fiancé and myself."

✓ I wonder who told you that your name cannot be put down on the transport list while you are still in the Forces? The A.T.S. headquarters says that your name will be accepted by the American Embassy for the sailing list. There is an agreement to that effect in force.

If the opportunity occurs for you to sail before the date of your release, you can apply to your C.O. for compassionate release. In the circumstances, your application would almost certainly receive favourable consideration.

Permission to Sub-let

"WE ARE A FAMILY of four and occupy two unfurnished rooms. The tenant of the house has been given a week's notice and says we must go. What is our position?"

✓ You do not say whether the tenant had the landlord's permission to sub-let the two rooms. If the tenant had this permission you cannot be compelled to leave except by order of Court. This would hardly be issued unless there was alternative accommodation for you.

But if the tenant had no right to sub-let the rooms you must leave with the tenant.

Fallen Soldiers

"I SHOULD BE OBLIGED if you would send me some particulars of the work done by the War Graves Commission, and also the address to which applications for information should be made."

✓ All aspects of the registration and upkeep of war graves are covered by the Imperial War Graves Commission, 32, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1. You can get their annual report from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2,

price 1s. If you are trying to discover a Serviceman's grave you should ask the Record Office of his unit.

Is the Future Safe?

"I AM SIXTY-NINE years of age and unable to do any work. My husband is fifty-nine and is working as a labourer on the colliery surface. When shall I be eligible to draw the old age pension?"

✓ You cannot qualify for the old age pension in right of your husband's insurance until he reaches the age of sixty-five and becomes entitled to the award.

Your own claim to pension at the age of seventy will be governed by the means limits laid down in the Old Age Pensions Act, 1936. If your combined income is more than £99 15s. no pension will be payable to you.

Ends Won't Meet

"I HAVE BEEN at home since July, 1944. I hurt my back in an accident at work, and have attended doctors and hospitals ever since. The doctor put the trouble down to lumbago. But after seeing the X-ray photographs he had to alter all my certificates."

"All this time I was drawing sick pay through my society. Now they have written asking me to refund the money. I also had to go to the Relieving Officer because my wife has been in hospital for five years and I have a boy to keep. I have sold up nearly all my home to keep myself and the boy going."

"When I got my compensation from July to November in a lump sum I immediately repaid the Relieving Officer. When I had paid my debts I was left with next to nothing to carry on with. I am now getting £2 15s. weekly compensation, and after paying 15s. rent I find it difficult to make ends meet."

"I want your advice about paying National Health Insurance back. Ought I to have repaid the Relieving Officer?"

✓ You have been going through a tough time and have my genuine sympathy. The compensation you are receiving for your accident is unfortunately all you have to live on. The money from the Relieving Officer was only a loan to tide you over and had to be repaid.

The money you received from National Health Insurance or Disablement Benefit would have been all right for illness such as an attack of

Continued on page 22



Marconiphone

THE REAL THING IN RADIO

PRODUCTION HAS BEEN RESUMED

Radios will be available to the public in limited quantities in the New Year.

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, RAYES, MIDDLESEX.

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

Duty's a pleasure, you feel like promotion once you've caught hold of this grand shaving notion! Blue Gillette blades, 3d each, 'Standard' Gillette (plain steel) 2d each. Purchase Tax included.





Take it
from me -

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels
double the life of your shoes!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST



Ronuk

Polishes



When you feel all 'on edge'—
oh! for a soothing cup of ROWNTREE'S COCOA

"Mars are marvellous"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars

ZONED TO THE SOUTH



If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because so many continue to have special need of it



For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939, but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.



HORLICKS

Worth its
weight in
coal



A ton of coal is needed to make a ton of glass. For that reason, if for no other, will you please return your S.D.I. mineral and squash bottles just as soon as they are empty?

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1



Famous for its
quality, purity
and strength.

**MILLER'S
BRITISH
BAKING
POWDER**

Five generations have
praised it

James Miller (Food Products) Ltd., Manchester, 3

Give your
teeth a
shine
with
Gibbs
DENTIFRICE
Prices U.K. only **7½ D**
REFILLS 7d and 11½d
(including Purchase Tax)

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

AVOIDING A LONG CONVALESCENCE BY RAISING THE METABOLIC RATE

WHEN you reach the convalescent stage and progress seems at a standstill, you wonder if you will ever get well. That depends largely on your metabolic rate.

The metabolic rate is your "living rate," the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces that energy by absorbing nourishment from food.

A lowered metabolic rate is one of the after effects of illness. This means that the life processes are functioning too slowly to rebuild the body. To overcome this, you must absorb enough food to supply the needed energy. This is difficult because your appetite is poor when your metabolic rate is low.

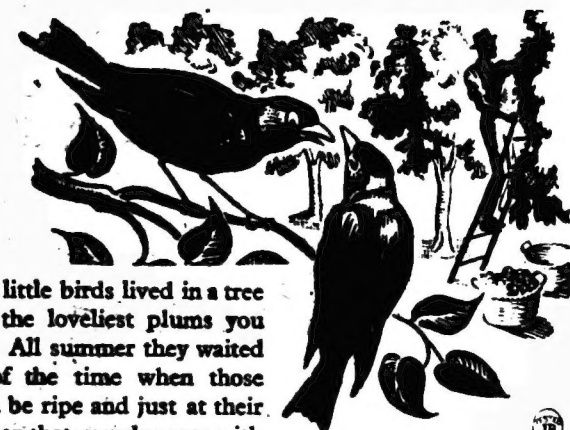
To break this vicious circle, doctors prescribe easily digested foods such as

broths, soups, and meat extracts. In deciding which preparation to take, it is important to know that one meat preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate—Brand's Essence.

Clinical tests, conducted at a famous research institute, have shown that after taking Brand's Essence the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

Once your metabolic rate goes up, your appetite returns, and you can absorb the necessary energy to get back your strength. Even when the very thought of food is distasteful, you find Brand's Essence tempting and easy to take. Price 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

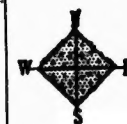


THESE two little birds lived in a tree which grew the loveliest plums you ever did see. All summer they waited and talked of the time when those plums would be ripe and just at their prime. And on that very day men with baskets and barrows came and picked all the best plums and sent them to

FARROW'S

**A BISCUIT
KEEPS YOU
GOING...**

Wet or fine, young or old, there is nothing like biscuits to restore energy and forestall tiredness.



Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd. CVS-119



Sharps SPECIALISE IN TOFFEE -



HOUSING DRIVE AFTER CHRISTMAS

Minister's Greatest Moment. £1,200 for a Handkerchief. General Lindsell Speeds-up. Morgan Phillips' Ambition. Lament from Lord Woolton. Too Old for Racing. World's Best Cricketers

PARLIAMENT IS UP! Never in Westminster's peace time history has so much been done in so little time.

The old House of Commons hands have worked it out. They estimate that this last Parliamentary session did approximately four times as much work as any peace time session within living memory.

The nation is committed to vast changes. During the next year some of those changes will face their first real test. The preliminary legislation was essential. Next year, the nation will judge by results.

Up with the Houses

Number One target for to-morrow—in the Opposition gunsight—is Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health. The end of January will be his D-Day. He will produce then his first housing communique, telling Parliament and the country how many houses have been built, and giving details of the week-by-week fight to finish the housing famine.

Two other Ministers will be with him. Stolid, good-humoured, Lancashire-accented George Tomlinson, as Minister of Works; Minister of Supply John Wilmot, first-class administrator, public-school accent. These complete the trio of Labour Ministers whose political future is bound with the success of the Housing drive.

Trio on Trial

These three have full responsibility for planning and executing the drive. Arthur Greenwood co-ordinates the results. Now established as a super father-confessor, receiving the confidences of Labour front and back-benchers alike, Greenwood has been little in the limelight in these last few hectic months.

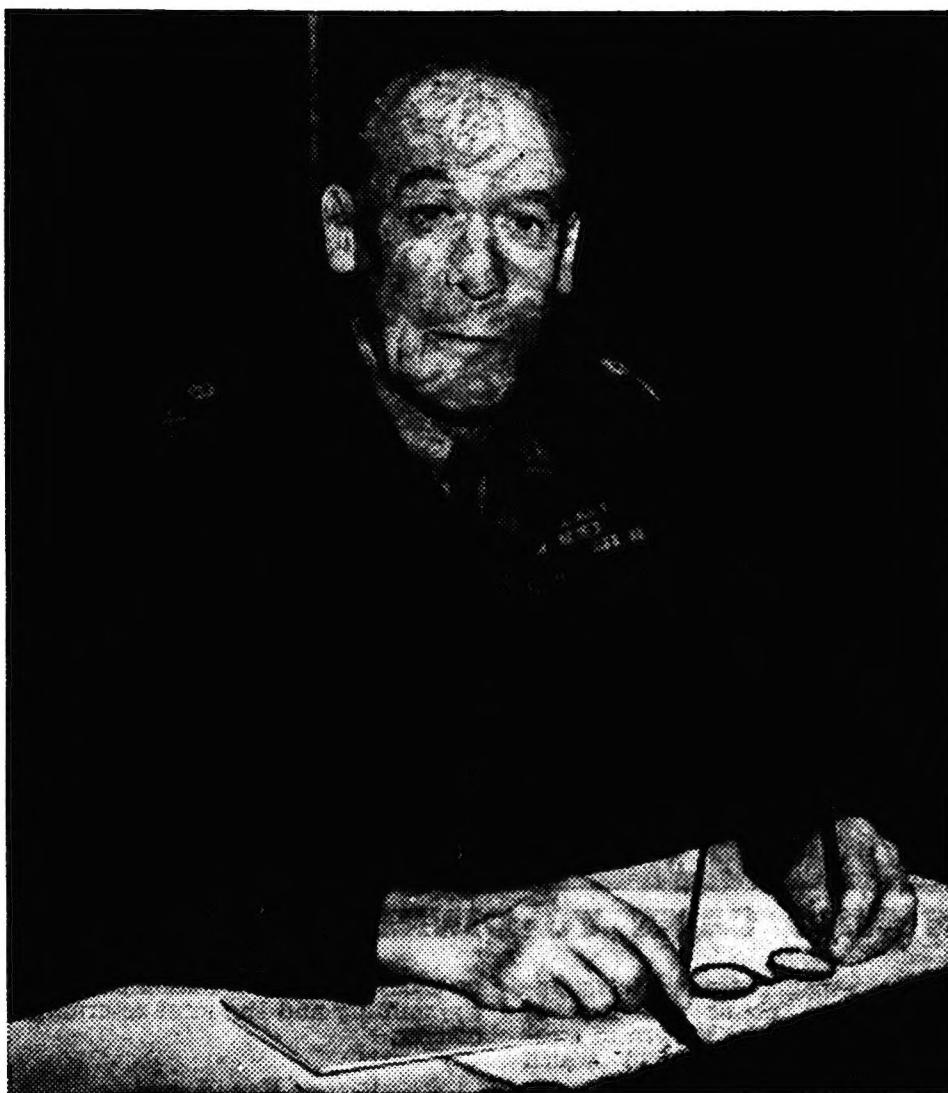
But he has been Chief Back Room Boy of the Government. It is he who has groomed Ministers facing their first ordeal of piloting a Bill through a Parliamentary Committee. Greenwood, in a very real sense, has become the back-benchers' and apprentice-Ministers' Guide.

Coming Young Men

Political views aside, the Government has maintained a high standard.

Changes there will be. Labour has too many brilliant young personalities on its back benches to become a dull Government. These young Parliamentary recruits had everything, in experience and knowledge of their specialised subjects. But they did not know Parliament. Now they are catching up rapidly on the complications of procedure.

When he has Ministerial offices to fill, the Prime Minister will be spoilt for choice. "This Government has several shadow Cabinets behind it!" A shrewd Tory M.P. said this.



General Lindsell will see to it that war stocks will not provide fortunes for speculators this time

He was right. Never has any Government had such a high quality of back-benchers with it. To make the best use of it is a major problem.

Cabinet Blacklegs?

NEARLY EVERYONE is now working under trade union conditions—except Ministers of the Crown. They (the blacklegs!) put in a fourteen to eighteen-hour day.

What is seriously worrying them is not the overwork on national affairs but the demands on their time of constituency affairs. They can't afford to have constituents say, "Now that So-and-so is in the Cabinet he has ceased to bother about our local problems."

Why should not a back-bench

M.P. for a neighbouring constituency deputise locally for a busy Minister?

His Greatest Moment

WE ARE SORRY to have to suggest, on page 10, another job for one of the hardest worked Ministers. If you pass the Enfield house of John Hynd at two in the morning you'll see his bedroom light still on. Mr. Hynd won't be reading the French and German books at his bedside, but State papers.

The proudest moment of his life, he says, was not when he was asked to become a Minister. It was when, as a Perth railway clerk, he was called to London for an N.U.R. post and a local railway chief made a pretty speech in his honour at a farewell party. Hynd was able to say how surprised he was to find himself so highly regarded because the chief had threatened to sack him as "an agitator" only the previous week!

Few people, given that opportunity, would have taken it.

£1,000-a-Week Clerks

THERE'S NO NEED for British bank clerks to be envious because their Hungarian counterparts are paid £1,000 a week. A loaf of bread costs £250 in Budapest nowadays, a handkerchief £1,200, and a man's suit a quarter of a million pounds.

But it shows what might be done

here if we were not "stified by red-tape and shackled by bureaucracy."

Away with the controls! Let prices find their own level by the pressure of healthy competition! Grant the boon of free enterprise to the speculators and devil take the hindmost!

On second thoughts, perhaps we'd better not.

In the Dumps

PERHAPS, INDEED, it is just as well that the Government has not suddenly unloaded all the goods in the war dumps. One newspaper calculates that it will take ten years to clear the surplus stocks if the present rate of disposal is not speeded up.

It will be speeded up, though not until General Lindsell has completed his supply lines. He will allow no repetition of the scandal after the 1918 Armistice, when speculators were able to make great profits on goods the nation had produced in its war agony.

Sir Wilfrid Lindsell was the man who organised the Eighth Army's 1,400-mile lifeline from El Alamein to Tripoli, and who supplied it with everything from tanks to bagpipes. Having retired from the Army, he is now chairman of the Board of Trade's disposal committee.

Man of Words

He does not look a soldier, though he was one for forty-four years and wrote two standard books on military administration and organisation. He is small, slim, and sandy-haired. Words tumble out of his mouth. But he talks sense, and we are not the only nation to regard him as the greatest supply expert in the world.

His committee has so far disposed of war stocks worth £30,000,000. That figure will rocket in the New Year. But he gives a word of warning. There will not be a great deal of the goods that the ordinary householder will welcome.

Line-up

THOSE THREE HEAVY black lines under an item of Parliamentary business give rise to the now familiar term, "Three Line Whip." But few people (try it on your friends) know that.

They assume it means some line-up of the Whips in the House, standing at the ready on Rugby lines to heave M.P.s into the direction they should go.

When M.P.s have been summoned to the House by the "three line" appeal and a vote is taken, the Party Whips carefully scrutinise the Division Lists. Absentees are asked for an explanation if they have not already made one.

The Missing M.P.

But last week, William Whiteley, the Chief Government Whip, was very pleased with his flock. The Vote of Censure divisions had been examined. Only twenty-five Labour M.P.s did not pass through the Division Lobbies.

Of those 25, 19 were ill, and 5 were

FIRE! STORM! FLOOD!

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a Comprehensive Household Insurance including protection for furniture and other personal effects against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Readers not already registered or who have changed address or newsagent can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

abroad. That left one unaccounted for. This pathetic and apologetic member shall be nameless.

Just before the all-important division was taken he received a telephone call in the Central Lobby of Westminster. He had to go out of the House for a short period. When he returned the Division was over! But he was forgiven—even by Mr. Whiteley.

Diary of Duty

Whips are individual M.P.s appointed by their respective Parties to plead with (or push) members into the right division lobbies. "The Whip" is a foolscap sheet or sheets of paper. It is an M.P.'s diary of the week's Parliamentary proceedings.

Every Saturday morning at his home address, each Labour M.P. receives an envelope sent by express post. In the lefthand bottom corner it carries the "William Whiteley" signature.

The Parliamentary programme for the following week is contained inside. Each day's business is given. If the business to be discussed is underlined twice, an M.P. is thus informed of its importance. If the item is underlined three times, it means the M.P. must be there to do his duty, putting aside all other claims on his time.

Who'll be Fuehrer?

FOR MONTHS PAST, Scotland Yard's Special Branch has been keeping watch on men who, during the war, were interned under Regulation 18b. Last August JOHN BULL gave exclusive warning that the British friends of Hitler were boldly reorganising.

Many newspaper stories have appeared lately about the sale of Hitler's bust and the growth of a so-called religious movement which venerates Hitler.

But the full story has not been told. It will appear in next week's JOHN BULL, as a result of close investigations by our Chief Commissioner—and it will show how rapidly Fascism in Britain is preparing for the emergence of a Fuehrer.

Man of Ambition

MORGAN PHILLIPS, who has just completed his first year as Secretary of the Labour Party, is determined to be able to announce at the Party's April conference that its membership has reached the biggest-ever total.

A brown-haired Welshman, he left school at twelve to work in the pits. A good deal more human than some self-made men, he is an expert dancer and a football enthusiast.

Indeed, he founded the Fulham Supporters' Club, which the team's directors haughtily refuse to recognise. However, as Tommy Trinder has become a director, maybe there's hope for the club yet.

Heartless Greeting

THE PARENTS OF A SOLDIER killed in action on September 20, 1944, have received the worst possible Christmas greeting from the Electoral Registration Officer, Chelmsford, Essex.

It is a notification that the father can vote by proxy for his son who died 16 months ago. There is surely

no excuse for lack of liaison between the military and the local returning officers.

Better Broadcasts

AT BROADCASTING HOUSE a great drive is on for brighter programmes, and the B.B.C. is working overtime trying to find out what you and I and the girl next door like and dislike in the programmes.

Trouble is that this testing of public opinion is largely done by unpaid amateurs, and the results are not too conclusive, even though R. J. E. Silvey, Chief of Listener Research, has daily reports from his scouts, who take opinions from 3,000 listeners.

May we offer a suggestion? Some of the best programmes are those broadcast to schools. Why not give their producers a chance in the general programmes?

Road Sense

ROAD TRANSPORT CONTRACTORS have breathed fire and fury against the Government, as they have trembled with fear or anger at the prospect of nationalisation.

Now Mr. Shrapnell-Smith, a leading road transport man with fifty years in the business, tells his fellow-

NEXT WEEK

Owing to the Christmas holidays, the issue of JOHN BULL dated December 29 will be on sale everywhere next Monday, December 24.

contractors that "There are hopes that the Labour Government will be more favourable to the extension of road traffic than Conservative Governments have been."

What we hope is that a properly co-ordinated system will allow every form of transport to play its full part. Neither road nor canal traffic should be penalised in future.

Sleeping Rough

TROOPS AT WOOLWICH are said to have been sleeping in tents. Mrs. Ayrton Gould, M.P., reports that at a Sussex camp there is no sanitation, no hot water or lighting in the men's wash-house, which has only eight taps for 120 men.

Congestion at the proper camps should surely have been lessened by demobilisation. The War Office explanation will have to be ingenious indeed to be acceptable.

Doped Greyhounds

AT A LONDON greyhound track a case of doping is being investigated. Backers swear that too many of the dogs they fancy run as if they are doped, but that is largely the result of prejudice.

Recently, one favourite refused to chase after the hare but galloped lightheartedly in the opposite direction. That wasn't "dope" but just cussedness. Was just a dog's life, anyway.

Woolton's Lament

LORD WOOLTON has joined the pessimists who see nothing but bankruptcy ahead of us because there is a Labour Government at Westminster.

He doubts if railway service will be cheaper or better or that employees will have better conditions under nationalisation.

What are the facts? Before the war the railways were notoriously inefficient except for a few "crack" trains. Passenger and good rates were far too dear and the employees were scandalously paid. To stifle road transport competition, the railways were buying up road haulage companies and bus concerns.

Travel Troubles

Catering on the railways, even in peace time, was on a low level, and in war time it grew worse. During the past few weeks a few restaurant cars were put into service, though these have been withdrawn during the Christmas season to provide more passenger coaches.

That seems fair enough, but even before the Christmas ban there was no restaurant car on the train from Plymouth to Paddington. Worse still, an officer home from Burma, travelling from Liverpool to Plymouth, could not get a bite of food on the night-long journey.

If we can't have many more restaurant cars in the New Year, let us have station buffets with food to eat when a traveller wants it. The hungrier you are, the more certain you may be that the buffet at Blank Junction will be either closed or foodless.

What's in Name?

A SPORTS WRITER suggests that one of the greatest appeals of the Moscow Dynamos was their name. Certainly there are far too many

"City's" and "United's" in our professional soccer.

One of the most attractive features of Scottish football is the name of some of the clubs. Look at Queen of the South and Kirkintilloch Rob Roy!

Indian Sport Challenge

THE MODERATE SUCCESS of the Australian Services cricket team in India sharpens the interest in the Indian team's visit to England next summer. The Indians are perhaps the finest natural cricketers in the world, apparently seeing the ball just that valuable fraction of a second before our players. At hockey they were practically unbeaten in pre-war Olympics.

They just lack a little of the fight-

HER NAME IS MAGIC

POPLAR gets things done. It was the first London borough to have the permanent "Orlite" houses built, and also the first to have temporary prefabricated huts erected.

The reason is a woman. A small, unassuming, brown-eyed working woman who has been on Poplar Council for 26 years, and was Mayor of Poplar last year.

Mrs. Nellie Cressall (magic name in the East End) stands no nonsense. Because the sanitary arrangements of the "pre-fabs" did not seem to her to be adequate she had Lord Woolton and Mr. Willink down and pointed out the defects in no uncertain terms. Things were soon righted.

Living in the East End she has served all her adult life, she has had seven sons and one daughter. Often she would leave the family wash boiling while she went to a meeting, come home, finish it, and attend another.

Poplar benefits by £30,000 a year because of the courageous action of Mrs. Cressall and her fellow councillors. In 1921 they all went to prison rather than levy a crippling rate upon their borough. After this, a Bill was brought into Parliament whereby poorer boroughs are helped by the richer ones. Mrs. Cressall, incidentally, was expecting another baby when she was imprisoned in Holloway.

Now, over sixty, she is thinking of a Parliamentary career. And Parliament could certainly do with more women members like her.



Mrs. Cressall gets things done

ing spirit when things are going against them, but give them early success and they are capable of immense achievements.

Misery in Merthyr

MISERY NOW STALKS the streets of Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales, as it did in those grim years between the two wars. More than 6,000 people, 10 per cent. of the population are unemployed, waiting on the street corners, waiting for something to turn up.

Then there are 11,000 Merthyr men to be demobbed from the Forces, which means that there will be 17,000 men in the town without jobs, unless the problem is handled with speed.

Part of the trouble is that coal mines need new equipment, and the town also needs new industries and new factories to set it on its feet.

Unemployed Builders

A RECENT RETURN shows that 4,381 building trade workers were registered as unemployed, and the official explanation is that these men are mainly people moving from one job to another.

It doesn't sound too convincing, and we shall keep an eye on the unemployment figures for the building trades.

Dirty Milk Again

AN EXPERT STATES that 40 per cent. of the cattle in this country are infected by tuberculosis, and the disease is spreading among our dairy herds.

Worse still, the milk from diseased cattle is bulked with that coming from healthy stock. Even worse is the fact that bovine tuberculosis causes about 80 per cent. of tuberculosis in infants.

These are appalling facts which should drive the Minister of Agriculture into a campaign for cleaning up our milk supply. Meantime, if you can't get certified T.T. milk, it's safer to scald it.

Cure for Strikes

WHEN DISMAL JIMMIES moan about our small strikes and industrial troubles, they should cheer themselves up by realising that America, with no Labour Government in power, has far worse troubles.

At the moment there are 144 industrial disputes in U.S. involving over half a million workers, with threats of more to come.

President Truman is worried and wants Congress to set up "Fact Finding Boards," which would intervene as soon as collective bargaining has failed and BEFORE a strike can begin.

That's an idea which we could borrow for this country.

Old at 14

THE RECENT SUCCESS of the fifteen-year-old Rightun over the sticks doesn't excuse other owners keeping horses in training which are so old that many racing people don't like to see them competing. When the average 'chaser gets to fourteen years he is long past his best.

Owners of racing greyhounds, too, deserve censure in some cases for running dogs which are not properly fit. More than one fine greyhound is raced and raced—all for the chance of winning more prize money.

GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD ORDER

THE WAR TIME CHRISTMAS was a poor substitute for the real thing. In millions of British homes there were empty chairs and aching hearts. The words "Peace on Earth; Goodwill towards Men" mocked at us.

Women, acting a part for the sake of the children, did their best. But it was a hollow business. There was no real heart in it. How could there be?

Now it is peace. And again it will be a strange and shabby Christmas.

Most of the grand traditional trappings of the great festival are absent. The food and drink; the toys and gifts: all are scarce. Families are yet divided. Homes are still incomplete, with loved ones absent and missed. The hearts and hopes of many of our neighbours lie buried in distant places.

All this and more might well mar our rejoicing.

But war's aftermath of sorrow, the shortages and scarcities—all these things should strengthen our resolve to make this a Christmas long to be remembered in the march of mankind to better things.

What can we—each one of us—do to make the spirit of Christmas a living reality?

We can each resolve never to forget that both the misfortunes and the follies of our neighbours concern us. And to-day the whole world is our neighbour.

THE ORDINARY MEN and women in Britain, as in every other country, are too modest. Seldom do they realise that in them lies all power and all glory. Too often they forget it is their faith in that which is good, or their apathy when confronted with evil, that makes world history.

Now, at this Christmas of 1945, the need for the ordinary man and women to insist upon neighbourliness as an international creed is greater than ever.

Russians and Americans, Frenchmen and Poles—yes, and the Germans—do not belong to some other world. They are part of humanity.

Hunger and tears stop short at no race or colour. And He Whose birth we celebrate was born to save all. He knew no priorities except humanity; His message was meant for all mankind.

The London orphan of the "blitz" and the dying child in Berlin—both share in the bounty of His universal creed.

Hesitantly, with many a look back to the Old Order, many a pause and doubt, statesmen the world over are moving to this conception of the oneness of Humanity; the identity of its needs and its interests.

WE MUST HELP. Unless this philosophy is in the hearts and minds of the ordinary man and woman, the statesmen will fail. With their failure would go the last hope of salvation for this war-torn world—the last hope of all of us.

Next year will be as vital for the cause of decency and sanity as any of the war years.

We have got to clear the clouds of suspicion between the nations. We have got to make the World Organisation something more than a name.

We have simply got to ensure unity among the United Nations and all others who share our resolve that Aggression shall never again sweep millions of men and women to suffering and destruction.

Given a surge of determination by the ordinary people of this earth, the statesmen will not fail. They want to succeed. A mandate of support will strengthen their means to success.

These, then, should be thoughts for this Christmas; for the Christmases to follow. We of this land have cause to rejoice. We have come through perils and great trials with honour and dignity. We can and will celebrate.

This is Christmas—a peace Christmas. Welcome it. Warm to it. Resolve that it shall live on in precept and practice for all peoples of all lands!

The Editor

THE KING'S VOICE GOES

The King's Christmas broadcast is more than a gesture of goodwill. It symbolises the British family spirit which carried us through our darkest moments. It is well described as the greatest of all broadcasts. Here is the first full story of this wonderful series of personal talks by the King. Once again, he will speak in our homes this Christmas

by **GORDON BECKLES**

DAWN BROKE ON DECEMBER 25 in 1932 with a light mist enwrapping the fir-woods not far from the town of King's Lynn in Norfolk.

One particular household was early astir. There were children in the house—and downstairs a Christmas tree, brought straight from the woods outside, was waiting in the darkened drawing-room.

One of the house's two little girls, impatiently excited, was seven, but her sister was little over two.

Before eleven o'clock the bells of the parish church were pealing, and the family walked across the front lawn and attended service with the farmers and foresters of the scantily populated district.

By lunch time the whole family was busily discussing the presents they had given one another. There were crackers on the table, turkey, mince-pies and Christmas pudding. It was England of 1932—and the family was a typically English one.

The children's grandfather left the room first, and then everyone else went into the drawing-room and sat down, with a "Sssh!" for the two little girls. Presently, from the wireless came the voice of their grandfather—resonant, firm and human:

"Through one of the marvels of modern science, I am enabled this Christmas Day to speak to all my people throughout the Empire.

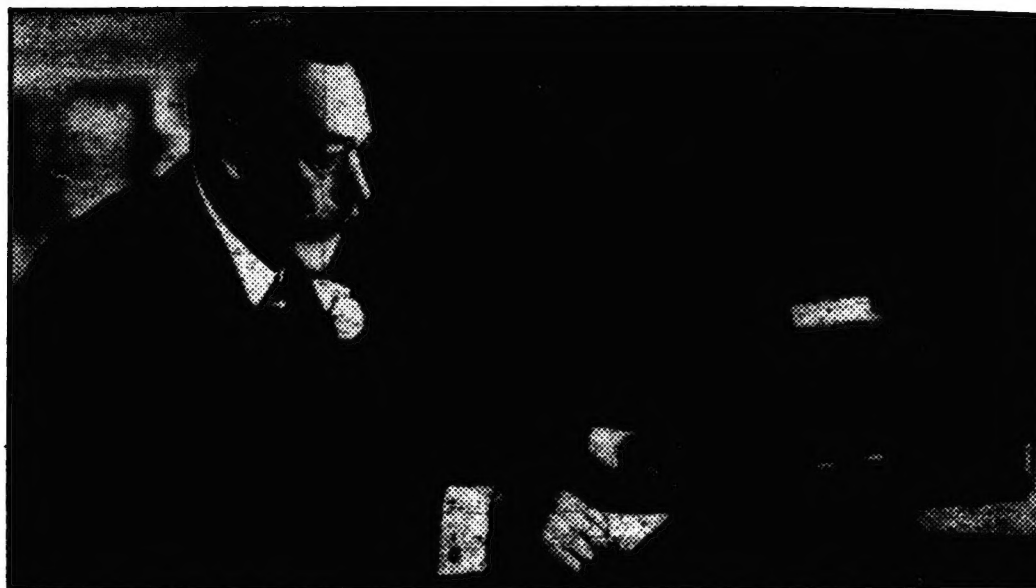
"... It may be that our future will lay upon us more than one stern test. Our past will have taught us how to meet it unshaken. For the present, the task to which all are equally bound is to arrive at a reasoned tranquillity within our borders, to regain prosperity without self-seeking, and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overborne.

"I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all... to all, to each, I wish a happy Christmas."

At His Hearthside

And thus began the greatest series of broadcasts, on this day in 1932, when the voice of King George V brought millions of families all over the world to his own hearthside in Sandringham House.

Mark the prophecy of those words, carefully written out some days before in his own hand. It was 1932, and to us an age of blissful peace and contentment. The world seemed to be ambling on its comfortable way—Washington was talking of further disarmament—the French Government was wrangling about money—India was arguing for independence—and Germany seemed reasonably quiet, with



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V

"I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all... to all, to each, I wish a happy Christmas."

just one cable from Berlin saying that "experiments in splitting the atom are being applied to the cure of cancer."

Yet the King spoke of stern tasks ahead which we would know how to meet unshaken!

Now, how did these broadcasts start, these *real* King's Speeches to his people?

King George V had spoken several times on the wireless since first his voice was heard at the opening of the Wembley Exhibition in 1924. They were all on the occasion of some ceremony, when the words were chosen to fit the public occasion. It was the King's love of children that first put the idea into his head—the feeling that children make Christmas.

King Talked It Over

He talked it over casually with his Private Secretary, Sir Clive Wigram. The idea grew. Tentative suggestions were made to the B.B.C. The technical side was investigated. An engineer went up to Norfolk and planned alternative routes for relaying the talk through Norwich and Nottingham to London.

Watched with interest by members of the family, two microphones, encased in boxes of Australian walnut, were taken into the King's study on the ground floor, looking out on the lawn. He merely had to go in, sit down alone and wait for the warning light.

Next year saw this cavalcade of great broadcasts well launched on its passage through the 'thirties:

"We owe something of the change, in practically abolishing time and space in our dealings with each other across the world, to modern science.

"But her gifts are useless without the sanity, patience and good will of all my peoples."

And then the origin of these fireside chats on Christmas afternoon found expression in that famous line:

"I wish to all who hear me, and especially to children, whose great day this is, a happy Christmas, with the blessings of peace upon earth to men of good will. God bless you!"

Already that sonorous voice, with its touch of very human gruffness and its clearing of the throat, the firmness of the charac-

ter it revealed and the fine articulation was eagerly awaited, not only in the Empire, but in many other countries, notably the United States.

The technical side had improved during the year. It was estimated—and who could deny it?—that at least 200 million people listened to those few minutes.

By 1934 the King was on the eve of his Jubilee Year. The Throne when he had mounted it in 1910 had been surrounded with awe and dignity. That it still possessed; but now simplicity was the moving factor.

The voice seemed a little older, and more tired.

"If I may be regarded as in some true sense the head of this great and widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection, this will be a full reward for the long and sometimes anxious labour of my reign of well nigh five-and-twenty years. ... God bless you all!"

Everything that he said in these first broadcasts can be read in the light of world affairs to-day.

Bells from Bethlehem

In 1935 the bells of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem were still ringing in the ears of the world when the King's voice was again heard, a little halting now, a little less resonant, but despite some troublesome coughing—after all, he was over seventy now—the character and dignity of the voice was as assured as ever.

It was his longest broadcast.

"It is good to think that our family of peoples is at peace in itself and united in our desire to be at peace with other nations... the friend of all, the enemy of none.

"Once again I send to you all—and especially to the children who may be listening to me—my truest Christmas wishes, and those of my dear wife, my children and grandchildren who are with me to-day. I add a heartfelt prayer that wherever you may be, God may bless and keep you always."

Those were the last words ever spoken by King George V to his peoples. Little over three weeks later—after a sunset of riotous splendour—the monarch who had spoken to more

ROUND THE WORLD

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VI



"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the Year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'."

millions than any man in the world passed quietly away in the room above the one from which he had spoken.

Never again would the magic of that voice be recaptured, people said. At least one of his sons—the Duke of York—heartily agreed.

Yet things were destined to turn out differently.

Now, the Duke of York, as everyone knew, suffered from a certain hesitation in his speech. A man of less moral courage might have sought to cloak this handicap in many ways open to Royalty.

He did nothing of the kind.

The Public Demanded It

With a stubborn persistence, he had gone through with it, making speeches in public, speaking on the wireless, and all the time conscious of this defect.

When the next Christmas broadcast was due, the Duke of York had succeeded to the Throne only two weeks before. With the public's approval, but with understanding regret, the new King announced that he would not speak until after his Coronation.

A year later, considerable public feeling manifested itself in demanding another Christmas Day broadcast. The answer was: No! Then just a few days before the date it was announced that there would be a King's Speech from Sandringham.

The new King told his intimate friends that he intended it to be his first and last.

"I cannot aspire to take his place—nor do I think that you would wish me to carry on a tradition so personal to him," he said on December 25, 1937.

"We have promised, the Queen and I, to try and be worthy of your trust, and this is a pledge that we shall always keep."

The chief memory of this first Christmas talk was summed up in the almost universal observation: "Isn't his voice like his father's?"

King George the Sixth proved a man of his word. The Christmas of 1938 had no broadcast from Sandringham House.

Yet men—and their words—are born to bow before destiny. The Christmas of 1939 brought the "stern-test" which his father had

prophesied seven years before. Soldiers were back again in frozen Flanders, the R.A.F.—in which he himself had gained his pilot's wings twenty years before—was again flying over the German frontier and sailors were again on the mine-endangered seas which he had known as a midshipman at the Battle of Jutland.

He spoke on December 25, 1939:

"... I feel that we may all find encouragement in the lines which, in my closing words, I would like to say to you.

"I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied 'Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light, and safer than a known way.'"

"May that Almighty hand guide and uphold us all."

People wondered where those last lines came from, were a little confused as to whether or not it was a quotation. From the Bible? The Nazi radio said that it was. After much research and correspondence it turned out to be from a poem by a Miss M. L. Askins.

The King had seen it in a newspaper and cut it out because he liked the sentiment—it was just as natural as that! Such is the whole spirit and significance of the broadcasts. They are not vetted and rewritten, edited and discussed.

Not a Recording

Are they real broadcasts, people asked, or selected recordings?

Here is the truth: the present King had the first runs of his broadcasts recorded for timing and general delivery. Then they were played back to him again.

It would have been easy for him to have chosen the best of these recordings, to have spared himself the great nervous effort on a day which most men wish to spend quietly with their own family.

That is not the character of the man who on December 25 this year is again going to broadcast. The spirit of the whole idea, he has said quite forcibly, is that it should be from his home, wherever it is, to other people,

wherever they may be. To put it on a record would rob it of value, rob him of doing his duty, spoil the whole conception of the Christmas broadcast.

And it is good to remember how he has marked, in quite simple and ordinary language, the successive Gates to the Years since 1939.

In 1940, after four months of bombing and a few days before the great fire blitz on London: "The future will be hard, but our feet are planted on the path of victory, and with the help of God, we shall make our way to justice and to peace."

In 1941, when he delighted the Princesses by playing the role of Father Christmas at Windsor: "If the skies before us are still dark and threatening, there are still stars to guide us on our way."

In 1942 he made by far his longest broadcast: "A former President of the United States used to tell of a boy who was carrying an even smaller child up a hill. Asked whether the heavy burden was not too much for him, the boy answered: 'It's not a burden—it's my brother.'"

In 1943, when the minds of all peoples were on the approaching D-Day: "No experience can be too strange and no task too formidable if a man can link it with what he knows and loves."

Queen Gives Her Views

In 1944, with the armies battling at the gates of Germany: "The lamps which the Germans put out all over Europe, first in 1914 and then in 1939, are being slowly rekindled."

Now something of how he writes these talks.

He collects a lot of random material from which to select what he thinks is the best. Then he makes a draft of the broadcast. The Queen is the first to give her views on the wording.

The friend whom he calls "Tommy"—Sir Alan Lascelles, his Private Secretary—is invited to criticise, and now young Major Michael Adeane, who has just rejoined the Court after six years in the Army, will see the broadcast draft.

Yet it remains entirely his, as it was his father's.

It is not discussed by the Privy Council, "ghosted" by a team of writers, as were President Roosevelt's famous fireside chats, nor is it any expression of Government good will.

To-day a Christmas tree stands again in the drawing-room of Sandringham House—for the first time in seven years. The lights in the windows are lit, Queen Mary is there with her five grandchildren, and the bell in the parish church across the lawns can once more safely be rung.

After Christmas lunch the King will go into the same room in which George V sat, and on the desk there will be the microphones in their Australian walnut cases. The Queen may come with him; he often likes her at his side.

And then George the Sixth will begin to read his broadcast in slow, firm and resonant tones, and all around the world uncoupled millions will listen, and to many the miracle of the moment will not seem one of science as it was in 1932, but of the imperishable continuity of one English family: "Isn't his voice just like his father's?"

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. John Hynd, M.P.,

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

DEAR SIR,—One thing about our control of Germany worries me.

I know that, as our Minister responsible for the British zone, you are doing your utmost to prevent Germany from becoming an economic cancer in the heart of Europe. Industry is being restarted. The threatened flood of six million refugees from the east and south has been checked. The Nazis are being weeded out: 50,000 have been arrested in three or four months. But—

No news reaches me of progress in breaking up the big estates owned by the Junkers. The Russians, knowing that it is these people who have always been the backbone of German militarism and who encouraged the growth of Nazism, have confiscated their lands and divided them among the poor peasantry.

Though we have lately taken over Krupps, we seem to have left the Junkers in our area alone. And the Russians are becoming suspicious of our motives.

By taking the obvious action required we should serve justice, ensure against future aggression, and enable the German peasant to grow more food.—**JOHN BULL.**

The Duke of Somerset,

Maiden Bradley, Warminster, Wilts

MY LORD DUKE,—You were sympathetic, of course. But as a magistrate, you had no option but to order the eviction of Mr. and Mrs. Fitch and their four young children.

Mr. Fitch was an officer in the last war. He and his family, bombed out of London five years ago, have been living in a three-roomed cottage that is now wanted for an agricultural worker. Now, temporarily, they are seeking refuge from the wintry cold in a loft.

That won't do. There is no excuse for it. Many of the big houses in the neighbourhood are occupied only during the hunting season. For most of the year they are half-empty.

The Minister of Health's "Share your home" appeal seems to have fallen flat in conservative Wiltshire. Will you not echo it from the Bench and thus add to your sympathy for the unfortunate Fitch family?—**JOHN BULL.**

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.,

Lord President of the Council

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have urged local councillors to take the public into their confidence. The advice is badly needed.

At Paignton, the council holds only half an hour of its

Human Machine TAKE YOUR CHOICE

IT IS OFTEN SAID that one of our most valuable gifts is our power of choice. True, but it is probably truer to say that it is our power of selection.

Life does not often put before us just two alternatives and say: "There you are! Which do you want? The good or the bad?"

What it does much more often is to surround us with a complex and confused set of facts, events, relationships, and so on, and leave it to us to get on with them as best we may. What we can do is to select what we wish to have.

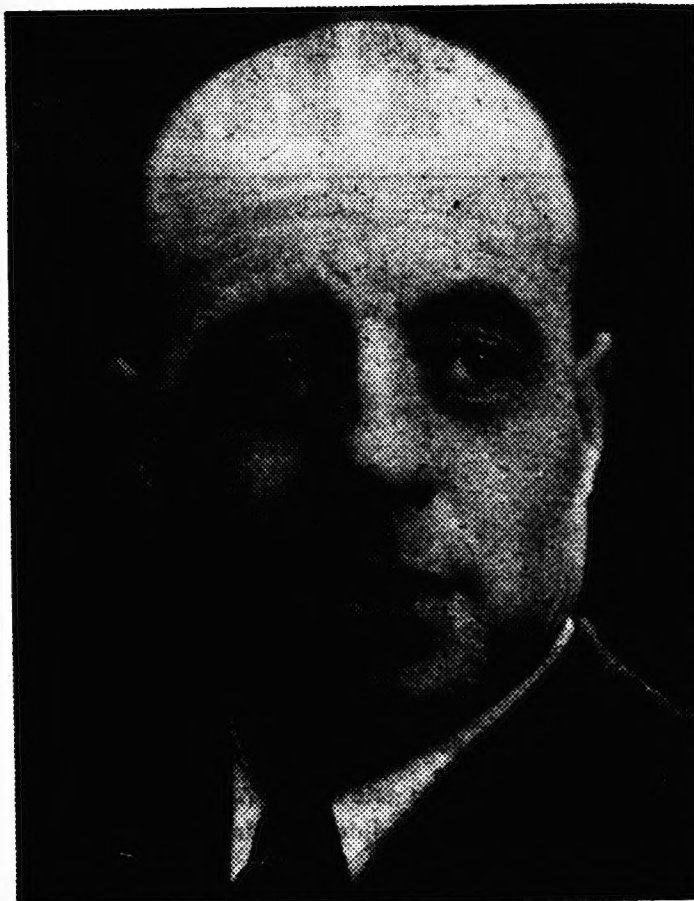
If we are unable to think clearly, unable to reason soundly, unwilling to observe correctly and loath to be bothered anyhow, why then we just put in our hands like children dipping into a bran tub and pull out the first thing that comes along. If it proves to be disappointing and unsatisfactory—whose fault is it?

If, on the other hand, we have learned to control ourselves, to know ourselves, to understand ourselves, it's a different story.

We select optimism because we know it pays higher dividends than pessimism. We select hope because we know it makes life a lot easier than despair. We choose equity and justice and friendliness, because we know that with those in our possession we can get along faster and more smoothly than if we didn't have them.

That's the difference between selection and choice. Choice is so often something forced on us from outside. Selection is entirely a matter for ourselves. It is much bigger, much wider, than choice.

And there goes with selection the accolade of the great spirit—to see the wrong and yet choose the right.



"What about the Junkers, Mr. Hynd?"

monthly meeting in public. The rest of the business, including housing, is discussed privately.

The people of Diss, in Norfolk, are campaigning against their council's love of secrecy.

Hythe Council, after its mayor had returned from a Home Office consultation, has held a private meeting in the town hall. And so on.

"The town halls belong to the people," you say, "and the people have a right to know what the councillors are doing." I am afraid some councillor will accuse you of preaching Bolshevism.—**JOHN BULL.**

Mr. Henry Wallace,

U.S. Secretary of Commerce

DEAR MR. WALLACE,—Trade depressions should never be abolished. They have many desirable features. Let us keep these great periods, which are so full of splendid opportunities. . . .

Such is the view expressed by the journal of the College and Business Administration of the University of Illinois, and it shows the gulf between British and American attitudes in economics.

Splendid opportunities? Yes, slumps bring the chance of cheap buying for speculators, of wage-cutting for unscrupulous employers. They bring misery to the many: hunger for women and children, despair to millions of breadwinners. But the latter cannot be expected to disturb the complacency of the College and Business Administration of the University of Illinois.

Certainly American business circles must not expect British economy to be framed in accordance with their wishes. We are pledged to prevent a repetition of the Hungry Thirties. We will not tolerate here the gigantic unemployment that has already returned to the U.S.A.

You, at least, would not wish us to do so. It was you who, in one of the most memorable speeches of our time, urged the world to make this the Century of the Common Man. Before that can be achieved, you will have to educate your industrialists—yes, and your universities. I am afraid it will be a tough job.—**JOHN BULL.**

Mr. George Bernard Shaw,

Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts

DEAR MR. SHAW,—I dare say the Shavian eyebrows rose in amused disdain when you found that a West End cinema had been "transformed into an Egyptian temple to help boost" the £1,250,000 film of your play, "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Does Shaw need boosting? The implied slur on your fame can best be answered by yourself. What concerns me is that dozens of carpenters, painters and other workmen had been toiling for a fortnight to erect a sham and showy "Egyptian temple" while so many bombed British houses still await repairs to make them habitable.

I begin to suspect that you are right in describing the English as a muddle-headed lot.—**JOHN BULL.**

Argument

ARE THE WAR TRIALS A MISTAKE?

Yes

1. The accused at Nuremberg are charged in the first count with conspiring to make war upon humanity. But since no law existed forbidding governments to make war, how can you try men for breaking it?

2. The essence of justice is an impartial tribunal, but the victors can never appear impartial judging the vanquished.

3. Since the trials will convince no German not already convinced, as propaganda they are useless.

4. There is grave danger that the Nuremberg proceedings may foster the Nazi legend. There is always sympathy for the hunted, and the limelight of a world trial tends to give dignity to the men in the dock.

5. The accusers were, in a sense, "accessories before the fact." Reactionary politicians in France and Britain, hoping Hitler would make war on Russia, helped him considerably, readily overlooking his crimes.

6. The trials are making the simple, self-evident guilt of the Nazis appear a complicated legal matter rather than a common sense issue everyone can understand.

7. The dignity of Law is not upheld by carefully staged spectacles which move to a foregone conclusion.

No

1. It is not enough for us to know why we rid the world of the Nazis. History must have a clear record of the facts. This the trials supply.

2. They are a tremendous landmark in progress, for they mean that from now on rulers of States will be held responsible for their actions.

3. The case against the Nazis, based on their own records, is so clear that the trial, for all its limelight, will make any legend of martyrdom impossible.

4. The trials bind the United Nations together. The powers having jointly denounced Nazi aggression, any nation imitating it will be clearly self-condemned.

5. We pledged our word to those whom the Nazis tortured that they should be brought to justice.

6. To pretend that no law exists to punish actions which outraged the conscience of humanity is absurd. The death of a single innocent person, no matter how obscure, if proved to have resulted from the Nazi conspiracy, makes them all guilty of murder.

7. Since each of the accused is tried as a typical representative of some particular body of German conspirators—S.S., Gestapo, General Staff—proof of their guilt automatically convicts thousands of war criminals, making it unnecessary to hold endless individual trials.



MUTINY IN THE GALLERY

Most people like the theatre as much as, if not more than, the cinema, says **HERBERT HODGE**. But to build a following, the post-war theatre must offer entertainment within the reach of every man's pocket

A GREAT DEAL of discussion is going on at the moment about the post-war prospects of the "live" theatre. And the curious thing about it, to my mind, is the sharp difference of opinion among theatrical experts.

One man tells you that the present boom is proof of coming peace-time prosperity in the theatre, while the next says that as soon as things get back to normal the theatre will dwindle away once more before the advance of the cinema, television, dirt-tracks, dog racing, and the rest.

Why have so many of us turned from the theatre to the cinema during the last thirty years or so? Because it offers us better entertainment? I don't think so.

Personally, I'd much rather watch live actors than moving pictures, but I can't afford to pay anything from seven-and-six to a guinea for a comfortable seat. I usually have to go in the gallery—and the average theatre gallery is about as comfortable as a concentration camp.

You sit tight-packed up there on what amounts to a row of wooden steps. Some galleries have coverings over the wood, and some even have backs to the seats. But these coverings and backs, as a rule, have only been put in on second thoughts, long after the theatre was built, and the addition of them has taken up precious space.

Comradeship of the Gods

Consequently, if you happen to be stoutly rather than gracefully designed, you simply exchange the old backache for the new stomach-ache.

In my two favourite theatres there was, the last time I visited them, still nothing but the bare wood, and wood so weathered by time and much sitting on that the grain stood up in a ridged pattern—a pattern that, by the end of the first act, was painfully imprinted on myself.

And yet, with all that, there's a joy in watching a play from the gallery that I've never felt in the stalls.

There's a feeling of comradeship up there that you don't get in the more expensive seats.

Up in the gallery we all seem so much more intent on the play, as though we were all one person, seeing with one pair of eyes and listening with one pair of ears. There's no whispered chitter-chatter, no rustling of chocolate wrappings, no scratching of matches. As soon as the curtain goes up it's as though we ourselves are an integral part of the play.

I suppose that's because most of us galleryites are such enthusiasts. If we weren't, we wouldn't be paying to be allowed to sit in cramped torture, when for the same price we could get a comfortable seat at the cinema.

But my own enthusiasm for "live" theatre isn't entirely due to the fact that I prefer living actors to moving photographs. There's another, a social, side of it—perhaps even more important than the surface entertainment value.

Seeing is Believing

Both the theatre and the cinema are, extremely powerful weapons of propaganda. Apart from the self-confessed "propaganda" film or play, which is often very poor entertainment, nearly every film or play we see helps to form our views on life.

As we watch and listen to the characters in the play we identify ourselves with them. Their experience becomes our experience. For the duration of play, at least, we believe. And because we believe, the film and the play are far more powerful in shaping our ideas than any amount of political speeches.

Take Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole*, for instance. Even if you're one of those people who have never known what it is to be out of work you can't come away after seeing that play without realising the necessity of planning for



Theatre seats should be as comfortable as those we enjoy in our cinemas

full employment. And this because, as you watched the play, you lived with the unemployed Hardcastle family, and suffered with them the mental and physical agonies of unemployment. So you know what it feels like.

The same thing, in a more spiritual sense, applies to a classic like *Hamlet*, or *Peer Gynt*. You come away understanding far more about the problems of the human soul than if you'd listened to a dozen philosophic lectures. Instead of being merely told about these human struggles, you've actually lived them as you watched the play.

Now it's one thing to see a great writer's vision of life (whether you agree with it or whether you don't) and quite another to see the sort of thing that a Big Business syndicate thinks you ought to see.

It's Up to the Audience

I remember noticing, during the depression of the 'thirties, when so many American banks had to close their doors, what a lot of films we seemed to be getting at my local cinema in which the hero was a good, kind banker who couldn't pay out, and the villains were wicked depositors who kept on demanding their money back.

In the same way, during my recent visit to the States, when Big Business was using every weapon in its arsenal to prevent Roosevelt from getting in for a fourth term, I saw in New York a film in which the villain, a corrupt politician, was made-up in the exact image of Roosevelt—the well-known eye-glasses, the peculiar lip movements, and even the crippled legs.

These things, of course, may have been pure coincidence. But, somehow, I don't think they were. It seems to me that so long as Hollywood makes most of the films we see we shall get only what the financial Moguls of Hollywood want us to have. Unfortunately, there's nothing much that we, the British audience, can do about it. Hollywood is entirely outside our control.

But our local theatre is a very different proposition. It's a part of our own community, and instead of its productions being ready-made for it on the other side of the world, each new play can be locally considered, and become the fruit of co-operation between management, audience and actors.

This local co-operation is easiest, of course, when the theatre is an independent repertory theatre with its own company of actors. But even where, as is often the case to-day, the theatre is one of a chain, there are still great possibilities of audience co-operation.

It is in the audience, the informed, organised, co-operative audience—the audience that knows

what it wants—that I see the greatest force for shaping our post-war theatre. Already, up and down the country, theatre audiences are organising themselves for this purpose. The Glasgow Citizens' Theatre is an outstanding example of what can be done. And there are others.

Liverpool Gets Ambitious

For a few months, recently, I worked in Liverpool, where local theatre-goers had just formed a society with rather more ambitious aims. Instead of attaching themselves to one theatre they are setting out to co-operate with all theatres in the district, and to cover all forms of theatrical entertainment, from Opera to Variety.

During the coming season this newly formed Merseyside Theatre Society will be holding regular meetings to discuss past, present and future productions in Merseyside theatres—discussions in which their local managers, producers and actors will join.

For my part, I see every reason to be optimistic about the post-war future of the theatre, provided that theatre-goers get together in their own localities and insist on the plays they want.

Thanks to C.E.M.A. (now the Arts Council of Great Britain), which has sent small touring companies out to all parts of the country, playing to enthusiastic audiences in all sorts of buildings, from village halls to air-raid shelters, many thousands of us have become far more theatre-minded than we were before the war.

Bring Down the Prices!

The Army, through the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, has been doing good work with the topical play sometimes called *The Living Newspaper*—the best known example of which, probably, is J. B. Priestley's *Desert Highway*.

The Co-operative Society, too, has sponsored the People's Entertainment Society to produce plays, and has already acquired theatres in Huddersfield and Chatham. And now along comes the Amalgamated Engineering Union with a new play by Montague Slater to celebrate the union's jubilee this year.

But, as a long-suffering galleryite, I must put in just one word of warning—a word addressed to all theatrical managements. It's something I feel in my bones. And it's this:

"Your plays may be excellent, your productions superb, your actors and actresses stars of the greatest magnitude—but you'll never get the majority of us to come inside your theatre until you offer us something to sit on as comfortable as the seat we get at the cinema, and at the cinema's price."

Have war hatreds and the atom bomb made Christmas good will an empty mockery? Cheerfulness, not dismay, should be the message of Christmas—and it's up to us to make it come true

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

CERTAINLY, IT IS A STRANGE TIME, this first Christmas of the peace; so different, somehow, from what we dreamt of a year ago when panzers were rolling dangerously forward out of fog in the Ardennes, and a new Battle of the Bulge was on.

What is wrong? What, lying deep beneath the surface irritations of rationing and scarcity, accounts for the heavy mood in so many of us to-day which, the very antithesis of good cheer, made Scrooge in the immortal Christmas Carol of Dickens frown at the sound of voices in the street singing "God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay"?

Are we dismayed? The question is of world significance—it can be asked of the whole family of mankind, because the symptoms which give rise to it are world-wide. Uncertainty, doubt, fear of the future, a kind of moral hangover on the morning after the night of six years of increasingly destructive war, capped by the atomic bomb.

An Unholy Future?

All this is giving rise, into the minds of thousands, to questions of a kind which rarely, perhaps never in all the long time since man fought his way upwards from the beast stage to the splendid achievement of civilisation, have been asked on so great a scale.

Weird visions are born of thoughts of what may come from an unholy future wedlock of militarism with nuclear fission, imaginary pictures of the whole world being blown up in some vast explosion engineered by the scientist playing with the atom like a monkey with matches and a barrel of gunpowder, so that—

"The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve—"

Surely it is serious when you and I, the plain ordinary people of the world, at a time when affairs need all the good will we can find to put them straight, begin to think on these lines?

Down with Defeatists

We are doing a dangerous thing. We are losing confidence in ourselves, in the human family to which we belong. We are helping to spread that alarm and despondency among its members which can make things so much more difficult for those who—and all honour to them—have the actual job of striving after a better ordering of human affairs.

Surely, if ever there was one, Christmas



During the war, Mr. Purcell, who writes this Christmas message to JOHN BULL readers, worked hard looking after the citizens of Dover. Under shell-fire and in bombing raids, he understood the real needs of ordinary people

is a good time to look on the brighter side, after all these years of horror and gloom? Not, of course, that it is any good at all trying to look on the bright side unless there happens to be, in fact, a bright side to look on. But there is!

Plain people all over Christendom have not for centuries made merry at Christmas, and smiled, and laughed, and thought kindly of each other for no reason at all.

There are particular reasons. And they are valid to-day, and give point as nothing else can to the Christmas cards and the stockings and that gentleness to children and old folk which still, thank God, moves tens of thousands of hearts at Christmas time in spite of all those awful possibilities which people—peering through the keyhole of the future—say they can see in the chilly, white-tiled laboratory of the scientist.

Custom to Rejoice

Now, these particular reasons for Christmas goodwill, indeed, for Christmas at all, lie deep, like the best gifts in the stocking. For as far back as human records go, it has been a custom to rejoice, at the year's darkest time, that half the winter has passed. Man the animal has made of the winter solstice the traditional beano of the year.

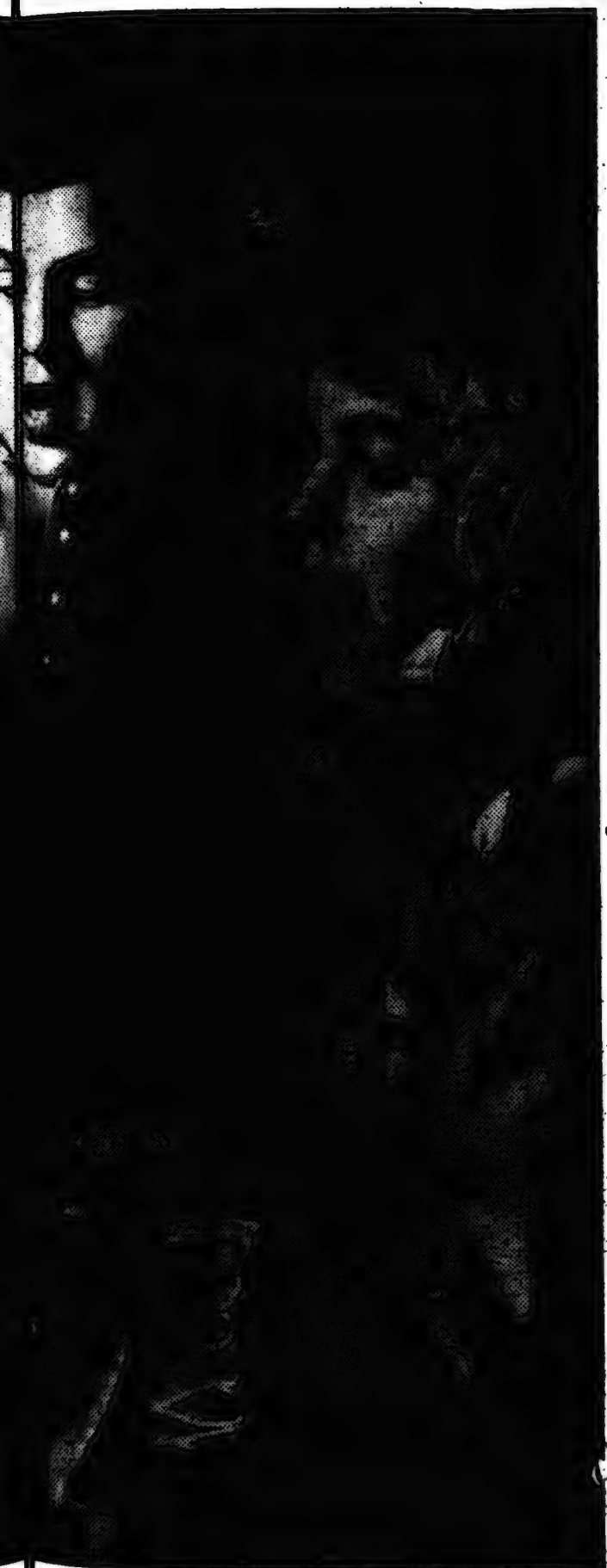
But man the spiritual being, mad with the consciousness of God in him, has made of it much more because of events which took place in the Middle East at the first Christmas.

British troops doing patrol in the Palestinian hills on the night of the twenty-fourth December this year will be close to

GOOD OR W DOWN



WILL WORLD FALL



places which, nearly two thousand years ago, on that same night, saw strange happenings of the utmost significance to mankind, not only then but, pre-eminently, at this time of doubt and uncertainty, now.

It is a recorded historical fact, that there was then born in the village of Bethlehem, some few miles from Jerusalem, a Child whose name and whose teaching were destined to spread throughout the world, and whose influence, together with the organisations springing from it, has survived under a great many forms of government, and has outlasted empires and ideologies.

His name was Jesus Christ, and to find what His coming meant is to look upon what is still the real meaning of Christmas, even in our modern world in which the religious explanation of things has for a long time been given a back seat.

Purpose of the Struggle

The old question, increasingly being asked by thoughtful men and women to-day, is, What is the purpose of the struggles and difficulties of life?

Is it just a chance affair to be, quite possibly, brought to a meaningless end by the next war? Or is it leading us to a conclusion which, even if we cannot see it, we nevertheless may feel to be noble and worth-while?

On our instinctive answer to that depends the quality of our morale as human beings. If we answer it in the negative, then we lose the will to survive.

That which for centuries has caused the real rejoicing of Christmas has been the belief that the coming of Christ makes it possible to answer in the affirmative.

The "Wise men," as the old story calls those mysterious figures who fell down and worshipped the Child to whom they had been led by the Star of Christian tradition, symbolised the belief that the Christ Child came from God, both to show men what God was like, and to proclaim that ordinary men and women were much closer to Him than they had supposed. Far from being creatures of a moment, they were part of God's plan.

"Wise Men" of To-day

It is a very big plan, so big that we can no more expect to see the whole sweep of it than one small bolt, supporting one small part, of one pylon carrying power across whole counties can expect to see the lights twinkling in a distant town whose electricity comes from the cables which the pylon helps to support.

The lights go out if the pylons come down, and the pylons come down if the bolts give way, which is only another way of saying that we have to co-operate with God.

But how? What, in any event, has this got to do with you and me and the Christmas of 1945? A great deal, far more than the sentimental Christmas cards with stage coaches on them have to do with the modern Britain of arterial roads.

A better picture, may be, would be one showing Three Wise Men in the guise of

Politician, Scientist and Worker, each laying his respective gift, Statesmanship, Atomic Energy and Labour, at the feet of God, because if that happened we should have little to fear. For then the gifts would be used nobly, and in the cause of justice and mercy everywhere.

Modern Scrooges

If we need moral leadership, as we obviously do, then the best people to give it to us are ourselves. We co-operate with God whenever we stoutly and cheerfully maintain our faith in His purposes in the face of those who, at a time of wonderful promises for the future of mankind, at a time when government, after long struggles, is passing increasingly into the hands of the common people (into whose ranks Christ was born), would seek to cast down our spirits by saying that all is in vain.

These are the modern Scrooges. The original Scrooge disliked Christmas because he was afraid he might have to give something away. His modern counterpart, looking over his shoulder at the atomic bomb, seems to fear he might have to be cheerful. Away with him!

So long as there is good to be done, there is cause for cheerfulness. The great thing is to realise, as the ghost who appeared to the first Scrooge pointed out, "that ages of incessant labour, by immortal creatures, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed."



"The original Scrooge disliked Christmas because he was afraid he might have to give something away." Leech's etching shows him confronted by that "Jolly Giant," the Ghost of Christmas Present

FREE SPEECH

SHE'S DREAMING OF A BRIGHT XMAS

Uncertainty about call-ups. Are nurses really scarce? Hand-made toys save money. Shopping by plane. Lessening road accidents. Third-rate short films. Foreign coins may fool you. A slight case of arson. Your prizes for charity?

CHRISTMAS in twelve months' time! What do we all hope for? For my part, a not too badly worn silk stocking that I can afford to hang up for the children. For them, toys that will last till midsummer and not ruin their parents. For my husband, four new pairs of pyjamas that will keep him warm and will not make any inroads at all into the family's coupons.

In the meantime, I am using an old laundry bag for all our Christmas morning presents. I have managed to scrape together enough ramshackle toys to make a show for the children; and my husband, as always, will have to go without. Oh, Sir Stafford Cripps, we do see your difficulties at the Board of Trade, but please don't be too export-minded. We young housewives don't last for ever.—**MRS. PETERSON**, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.

What Sort of Conscription?

WE ARE STILL lagging behind America. President Truman has boldly announced his proposals for a small, fully trained regular army and a large civilian youth should have twelve months in the Armed Forces and that they should then return to civilian life to be on call in an emergency.

This is exactly what parents, business men and the boys themselves want over here. We must all have a rough idea of our commitments. Our Government ought to have been first to abolish the uncertainty of a lad of eighteen who does not know whether he will return to normal life this year, next year, or never.

Such a lad does not feel inclined to think of his girl friends as possible partners for life. His employers do not know whether he can be trained.

If an employer could shake hands with a promising boy when he left to join the Army and say, "Well, I'll see you next year," I am sure it would create a feeling of fair play. The young people would really feel that civilian life was their place and they could work for advancement.—**J. G. HOWARD**, 112, Garner Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Buried Treasure

THEY SAY THAT old furniture reveals its secrets in time. I lost my comb the other evening and searched deep down the sides of an old settee and arm-chairs. My sister and I found fifteen pre-war coloured pencils, two pairs of scissors, two six-inch nails, a pair of ear plugs used in the 1940 blitzes, a tin of tooth powder, and a Guide badge which I received when I was ten, and I am now sixteen. Can anyone beat this record?—**MISS S. A. SHEPHERD**, 137, Princes Road, Dartford, Kent.

Also Serving?

LAST APRIL, my friend and I applied to an orphanage for posts as student probationer nurses. After receiving, completing and returning many forms we were accepted and expected to start in August. We heard nothing more. More than a month ago we went through the same procedure with another institution. We have still heard nothing. Are nurses really scarce?—**DOROTHY GOLLARD**, 43, Alfred Street, Ebbw Vale, Mon.

Christmas Foresight

THERE'S A LOT of talk about dearth of things, but it has cost me only a few shillings to provide my two children,

aged four and a half and two, with all they want for their Christmas presents this year.

I have made the youngest child half a dozen dolls, and a very special one, with satin dresses and a lace bonnet, for his sister. They are all hand-made. I wonder how many other mothers have saved money in this way.—**MRS. G. MELLOR**, 13, St. John's Avenue, Masbro, Rotherham, Yorks.

Happy Landing

NOW THAT CIVILIAN FLYING is to be permitted again, I hope the petrol allowance will not be big enough to allow shopping by plane. A pilot in a small helicopter could follow the orange allocations round and land near the queues at the right time.

It seems to me that civil flying could



"Land near the queues"

have waited a bit longer considering the other restrictions which show no sign of being lifted.—**MRS. NANCY THOMPSON**, Fulham, S.W.11.

"Have Failed to Return"

TO BRING HOME to everybody the heavy toll of deaths and injuries on the roads, I suggest that the B.B.C.'s six o'clock news should give the casualty figures for the previous day.

This should be a regular thing, and should be broadcast without comment in



"Mistletoe, Miss Abercrombie"

the same way as the announcer used to end a raid account with "and so many of our bombers are missing."

This would make us realise that there is still another enemy to overcome.—**J. A. PIRIE**, Peterhead, Aberdeen.

£1,000 Premium

I READ IN THE PAPER that "blood-money" in the form of enormous premiums was being demanded from would-be tenants of rent-restricted flats freed by Government Departments. I did not believe it.

This morning I went to inquire of a reputable firm of estate agents about a flat. I was told there were a few available at a high rent, plus a premium of £1,000 upwards.

"But," I said, "surely this is illegal." "Under present conditions I am afraid it is not," was the answer.—**MRS. W. T. JUDD** Street, W.C.1.

Costs Sky High

MANY PEOPLE have been wondering why our national expenditure has not come tumbling down since the end of the war. Here is one reason.

I am in the R.A.F., and seven or eight of us travel up and down the country under a senior N.C.O. Once a fortnight we send one man to our parent unit to collect our chocolate and cigarettes. Recently the flight-sergeant did not get his.

I was detailed to go and get them. It cost two railway warrants at 13s. 4d. each and two bus warrants at 1s. each. The chocolate and cigarettes cost 3s. 2d. Are you surprised about the national expenditure?—**L.A.C.**, Yorkshire. (Address enclosed.)

Moth-balls Preserve Them

CIVILIANS HAVE JUST been told again that they must wait still longer for adequate production of suits. In the



"Too stout for their old clothes"

meantime, discharged Servicemen are top priority.

What is happening to the hundreds of thousands of suits which the troops left at home? For five years many of them have lain unworn and have only come out of the wardrobe to be brushed.

I dare say the soldiers will now be too stout for their old clothes. Lots of us are thinner on civilian rations and we'd like some of the Forces' cast-offs. May I suggest collecting centres where the troops may leave "gratuities"?—**L. H.**, Avenue Road, Southgate, N.14.

Bored at the Pictures

HOW MUCH LONGER has the British filmgoer to suffer the shockingly bad short films which are presented by the trade to fill in programme time? These films always follow the same monotonous pattern—a third-rate swing band, a few nauseating crooners, and possibly a mediocre tap-dancer.

Why don't we see some of the excellent travel and sports films we used to have before the war, even if they are reissues? As it is, we are paying American dollars (which we can ill-afford) for a commodity we can well do without.—**M. P. CUMMINGHAM**, Maddiston, Falkirk.

Fresh Air Follower

DURING MY FIVE YEARS' exile in Germany as a prisoner of war I did not have a single ordinary cold. Fresh air was the reason.

Despite malnutrition and privations of all sorts, the sickness among us was amazingly small, and I am convinced this was due to our enforced open-air life.—**PTE. A. GOUGHAN**, Morley Hall, near Wyndham, Norfolk.

Foreign Coin Racket

WITH THE RETURN of Servicemen from abroad many have given foreign coins to their friends for souvenirs. Unfortunately they are being circulated with our own coins. Already I know of an old person with failing eyesight who had two of these coins passed on to him for a florin and half-crown. He can ill-afford the loss of four and sixpence, and is too honest to use them. Servicemen, please don't let these souvenirs pass into the wrong hands.—**R. THOMAS**, Caerau, nr. Bridgend, Glam.

Waste—in Triplicate

WHETHER THIS is an old story or not, it fits in so well with what I have heard of Army life that I pass it on.

An Army officer was transferred to a new command and wired to his headquarters for permission to burn some documents that were lying about the office. Back came the reply, "Certainly—but first make copies in triplicate."—**W. M.**, Motherwell, Lanarkshire.

Artist Turns Politician

I AM AN ARTIST and, I am sure, not nearly so politically minded as your readers. But I would like to tell you of my recent disappointment—which perhaps has a political moral.

What little reputation I have is for

religious painting, and I was invited to decorate the reredos and altar of a rebuilt abbey in France. The fee would have meant £50 for me and a little over £50 for the Government in income tax and purchase tax on materials.

The Government has made it absolutely impossible for me to accept the commission. I required only a few feet of prepared board which is made in Sweden. Authority said that all that was available must go to the housing programme.

That is logical enough—but, like all very logical things, it is nonsense. Our Socialist Government, which is fighting for so many good things, ought not to be blinded by majority interests. Often the majority is wrong and selfish.

If I had been allowed to do my paintings, the Government would have gained in cash, I should have been able to do the job I can do best, and Sir Stafford Cripps' great export drive would have been helped in some small way. My name and address are enclosed.—ARTIST, Regent's Park, N.1.

Fire-Raising

I AM NOT A CYNIC, but are not the new payment rates for part-time firemen an incentive to arson?

Ten shillings for attending a fire and five shillings for a call (but no fire) might be a temptation. It only costs



"Two pence for a false alarm!"

two pence to 'phone a false alarm.—J. T. C., Cavendish Place, W.1.

Guineas for Charity

IN YOUR BOOK advertisement (JOHN BULL, November 24) you generously include an appeal for the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children—a worthy cause.

May I suggest that the guineas for all published contributions to "Free Speech" in a certain agreed issue be given to the hospital? I think the response would be good and you may put me on the list right away.—H. A. Cox, 3, Hall Street, North Finchley, N.12.

Mr. Cox's request is being complied with; his suggestion must be left to individual readers.

Early to Rise

THE ARTICLE on central heating by Vincent Brome (JOHN BULL, December 1) interested me very much. After living eight years in U.S.A. and enjoying the comfort and cleanliness of central heating, I miss it. So nice to get up in the winter mornings to a warm home, and so much less work to face for the day. Let's hope for more of it here soon.—Mrs. L. Davison, Southmont Street, Aberdeen.

Victory Blankets

FOR SIX YEARS the women of this country made one great drive towards victory. Surely it is not asking too much of the country to make one month's big drive to enable housewives to buy extra bedclothes to keep their families warm this coming winter.

The average woman is heartily sick and tired of seeing "for priority docket holders." The sanest British mother would fall to reason with the word "export" when it comes to her children needing warm bedclothes.—G. M. BENNETT, Alway Estate, Newport, Mon.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

BATTLE AGAINST BROKEN HEARTS

by Dr. DAVID MACE

Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council



THE LONG YEARS OF WAR separation, which have put such a strain on marriage, are ending at last. The casualties have been heavy, as the continuously rising divorce court figures make plain. There will be a lot of tragedy and heartache as a result of these broken homes.

But there's another side to the picture. We have talked a lot about the problems of readjustment which confront husbands and wives after long separation. Perhaps it is time we said something about the opportunity they have to make a completely new beginning together.

My wife and I divide our married life into two distinct periods—the six years together before the war, and the two years since we were reunited after the gap of war separation. The gap in our case lasted four years, so we know as much about it as most people.

As we look back, we both feel that the second period is proving decidedly better than the first. Not that we were unhappy in those early years. In fact, we hardly imagined then that there could have been anything better.

But now we know different. A new depth and richness has come into our relationship which is the direct result of the dreary years when our only contact was through letters which often took six weeks to get through, and sometimes never got through at all.

Aching Loneliness

I want to say emphatically, out of my own experience, that war separation can make a marriage better and happier than it ever was before. You can appreciate each other in an altogether new way when you've endured the aching loneliness of having to live apart.

However, we mustn't expect this new quality to come into marriage automatically. Couples who have been separated have a wonderful chance to start afresh; but it depends on them whether they make the best of it.

I want to suggest some practical ways in which they can do this.

First, I think it would be a good thing

if all husbands and wives who are reunited would renew their marriage vows to each other.

I have even heard of some couples who have asked the parson to go through the marriage service with them again in church.

I doubt if many will want to go as far as this, but the idea is good, and there is no reason why a couple should not make it a purely personal and private matter instead of a public ceremony.

When they think of all the dangers they have been through, and of the tragic things that might have happened to them and have happened to others, most husbands and wives will feel they have a lot to be thankful for.

Such an act of thanksgiving might very well be combined with a personal renewal of the marriage vows. And if they want to have a second honeymoon and make a thorough job of it, so much the better.

We did!

Tell Your Secrets

The second thing to do is for every couple to make sure that they begin again on a basis of complete honesty and frankness.

The relationship between husband and wife is too intimate to reach its best possibilities otherwise.

There are exceptional situations in which secrets must be kept. But, generally speaking, the beginning of most serious marriage troubles is the point at which the truth is withheld from one partner by the other.

Let there be a full and frank "unloading" of mind and heart between husband and wife. If there has been disloyalty and unfaithfulness, let there be humble confession and generous forgiveness.

Get all the poison out, if there is any. Start again as you mean to go on. If you begin by deceiving each other, it will not be long before you are weaving more webs of deceit. That is the sure way to a second-rate marriage—or worse.

Thirdly, make up your minds to learn all you can about marriage, and make a thorough job of it.

How much there is to learn! How

foolish we have been in the past, to drift into such a complex relationship in such deplorable states of ignorance! If our men had gone to Normandy on D-Day in the same state of unpreparedness as many of them went into marriage, V-Day might still have been a long way off.

Learn Before You Leap

And what is true of the men is even more true of the women.

I hope that in the future there will be more and more opportunity for people to learn about the art of marriage—for it is an art—through books, lectures and discussion groups. The Marriage Guidance Council is very actively concerned in this kind of education.

Sound knowledge can often make all the difference, in marriage, between happiness and misery. If you don't know all you want to know, make it your business to find out.

Don't expect everything to be sunshine at first. Two people who have lived apart for years will have changed; especially under the tremendous stresses and strains of war. But wider experience makes better people of us, if we can learn the lessons it has to teach us.

Honesty Pays

So in the coming together again you will have more to bring to your partnership. This means that the process of getting back into harmonious comradeship will inevitably take time. You will have to grow together once more.

You can't hurry the process of growth. Don't try to force the pace. Let the readjustments take place gently, naturally, without hurry or haste.

There will be difficult patches. But if you have both made up your minds to make a success of it, and you are honest with each other, and willing to learn as you go along, you'll win through; and the time will come when you'll feel really sorry for those who didn't stay the pace and are missing the deep joy and fulfilment which have come to you.

The casualties of long separation are heavy. But, says Dr. Mace, many marriages can emerge from the fog of battle—richer and stronger for the suffering

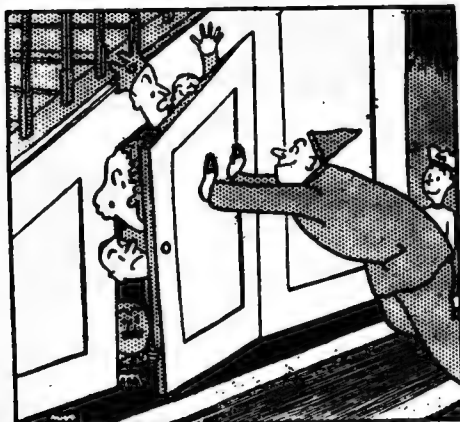
NO CHRISTMAS PARTY is complete without a lot of jolly games. Here are some new ones which will cause hours of merriment.

Travellers' Joy

FIRST CLEAR ALL the junk out of a cupboard such as a coat-cupboard or the cupboard under the stairs. This represents a railway carriage. Each person is issued with a small piece of paper to represent a ticket which he must keep carefully in an inside pocket. Everyone is then pushed into the cupboard except one man—the strongest of the party—who remains outside to squash in anyone who bulges out and to force the door shut.

After a few minutes he bangs on the door and calls "Tickets, please!" The first occupant to obtain his ticket and push it under the door is allowed to come out of the carriage, and, if necessary, be carried off to hospital.

The door is then shut again and the



"Pushed into the cupboard"

procedure repeated. The last survivor is considered to be the loser and must pay a small forfeit to the ticket-collector.

House Hunting

A CIRCLE OF CHAIRS, each bearing a number, is made in the room. In the middle sits one member of the party,



WITH MY FEET UP HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY XMAS

by IAN FOX

The first Christmas with a war off! Here is a page on seasonable festivities that you can take seriously if you're that sort of person. First fill in Form NBG/25K/CMP/1784, Christmas and Yuletide (Celebrations) Order, then go right ahead and enjoy yourselves

known as the Estate Agent. The rest of the party is lined up at one end of the room.

The Estate Agent draws a number from a hat and calls it out. Immediately the chair bearing that number is considered to be a House To Let, and the whole party rushes over and all try to sit on it at once. You can imagine the jollity which this causes.

Hardly has the fighting subsided before the Estate Agent calls another number and everyone dashes to sit on this chair. Chairs damaged beyond repair are considered to have been used as army billets and removed from the game.

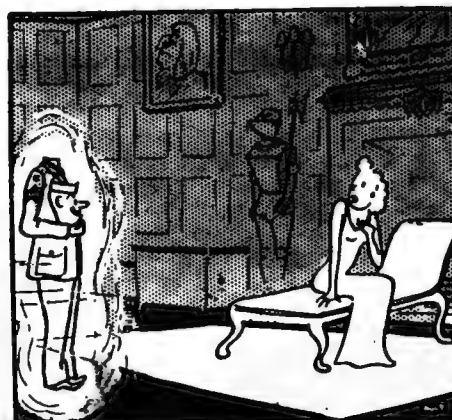
In a very short time, there will be only one sound chair left. Just as everyone is getting ready to rush for it, the Estate Agent walks over and, amid a storm of merriment from the discomfited company, calmly removes it with a cry of "Requisitioned."

Ghost Story

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE, and the beautiful Lady Evangeline Fitz-Fitzfizzle, of Sodaliphon Hall, sat in the Blue Boudoir weary and ill at ease. The servants

had not yet been demobbed and even her personal maid had gone to the pictures with a Pole.

In the dusky shadows of the room, ghosts seemed to linger eerily. Almost every room in the old mansion was haunted. It was built on a swamp, and Lady Evangeline shivered slightly as



"Carried his head beneath his arm"

wreaths of mist and marsh-gas came in through the cracks in the windows.

Sir Hector Fitz-Fitzfizzle was away in Germany, a gallant Second-Lieutenant in the Fifty-fifty Fraternisation Corps. Lady Evangeline was alone in the great house.

Suddenly she started and looked over her shoulder. The door was opening slowly. She watched it, petrified. Then, fearfully summoning all the courage that had been running in the family blood for centuries, she crossed quickly, shut it and turned the key.

She sank panting on a divan, her gaze fixed on the door. It was opening again. No, it wasn't. Yes, it was. No, it wasn't! Gradually the panels of the door faded and the figure of a man seeped through. He was transparent and carried his head carelessly beneath his arm.

"Hiya, sugar!" said the head. "Gee, when I got back to Cincinnati, my wife found that last letter you wrote me and did she burn up! She's pretty handy with a meat-axe, too."

For Rural Areas

A CHRISTMAS CAROL to be sung in harmony and with great feeling.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

All seated on the ground,
The Min. of Ag. and Fish. came down

And red tape wound around.

Brains Bust

Answers on page 50 (though it is quicker to look below).

1. How much does a 5s. meal in a restaurant cost?

2. A soldier is in Demob Group 28, a sailor in Group 29, an airman in Group

35 and an A.T.S. girl in Group 46. Which of these four will be demobbed first?

3. What is Sir Berkeley Bluster ex-Minister of?

4. Are the following statements true or false?

(a) "The queues are longer, the faces are longer and the shelves are bare."—Winston Churchill.

(b) "Before long you may see the Communists pushing the Socialists off the front benches back to the obscurity from which they should never have come, and then you may see the Fascists pushing the Communists out."—Lord Clanwilliam.

(c) "In any future war the nations would not use atom bombs because they would know their cities would be blown up and destroyed when they did."—Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser.

ANSWERS:

1. Anything between 7s. 6d. and £1.

2. The A.T.S. girl. As a matter of fact, she will be out next week because she is married and going to have a baby.

3. Ex-Minister of Obstruction and Dehabilitation.

4. Paint it with iodine.

Food and Drink

HERE ARE SOME seasonable recipes to add to the good cheer of this peace time Christmas:

ROMAN PUNCH.—Ingredients: One quart of champagne. One quart of rum. Half liqueur glass of orange bitters. Juice of ten lemons. Juice of three oranges. Two pounds of sugar. Whites of ten eggs.—From *The Savoy Cocktail Book*.

Method of Preparation: When you have collected the ingredients, send me a telegram. I'll come and show you.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Ingredients: 1 lb. butter; 1 lb. castor sugar; 8 eggs; 1 lb. sultanas; 1 lb. raisins; 3 lb. candied peel; 2 lb. flour; 4 oz. baking powder; milk.—From *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book*.

Method of Preparation: Write and ask Sir Ben Smith, Minister of Food.

Conjuring Trick

YOUR PARTY GUESTS will not be happy without some conjuring. Here is how to perform that always popular trick of



"Buy a set of flags"

bringing the flags of all nations out of a hat.

First of all buy a top hat. This will cost you about £10. Next, buy a set of flags of all nations. They will cost about 10s. each. There are fifty-one nations taking part in the United Nations Organisation conferences in London, so the set will cost £25 10s.

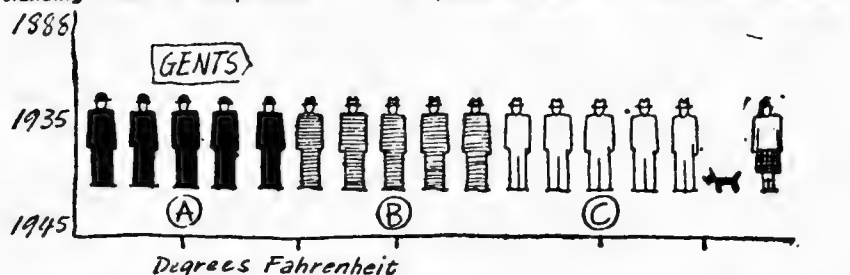
Do you still want to know how to do the trick? Personally, I'd suggest that sawing a woman in half would be cheaper in the end.

NEXT WEEK

Owing to the Christmas holidays, the issue of JOHN BULL dated December 29 will be on sale everywhere next Monday, December 24.

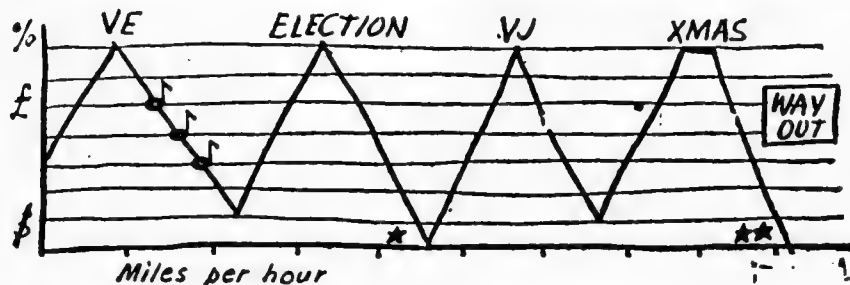
FIGURES CAN'T LIE (OR CAN THEY?)

Every up-to-date paper now seems to present statistics in diagram form. Anyone understanding these is disqualified. No prizes offered. No holds barred



(A) MARRIED (B) SINGLE (C) DON'T KNOW

Each man represents 10,000,000 pieces of cheese. The man on the right is a Scotsman who asked for a kilt instead of a demob. suit, got it, and went on draught leave. The dog is to make things more difficult. He represents prefabricated houses in Peebles



★ JANE APPEARED WEARING A DIVER'S SUIT

★★ BILLS BEGIN TO ARRIVE

Turkeys not shown in the above diagram represent turkeys not on sale in the shops

the christmas habit

HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN that it would snow on Christmas Eve. Mr. Graham, who had good ears, was aware of it long before Mrs. Graham or Kevin or Emily were. The grinding whine of the trams became more and more muffled, and car horns sounded distant and subdued, so that it must be snowing in big damp flakes; but Mr. Graham went on reading his paper and said nothing about it.

From time to time Mrs. Graham would look up from her knitting to the unusually quiet children, who were playing, with the greatest concentration, in the corner of the room where the tree would have been in any other year. But it was not until it had been snowing for over an hour that she glanced out of the window at the street lamp.

"Why, Sam!" she said quietly. "It's snowing."

"Yes," Mr. Graham said, putting the paper down for only an instant, "and the forecast was clear and colder."

Kevin and Emily were at the window immediately, thrashing aside the curtain. Emily said, "Oh-h-h!" and Kevin said, "Look!" and then both of them cried "Golly!" several times. Big flakes struck the window, hung on for a moment, and then melted and trickled away.

Behind his paper, Mr. Graham read a headline over four or five times while he waited. The moment, he felt, was crucial. Snow on Christmas Eve; and everything depended now upon how Kevin and Emily would take it. Mr. Graham stopped reading the headline and waited.

They were telling their mother that they wanted to go out and play in it, and Mrs. Graham was saying, Goodness, no; it was nearly eight o'clock, the snow would still be there in the morning, only deeper and nicer then.

Kevin went back to the bridge he was building. Emily returned to her blackboard. Mrs. Graham counted her stitches, and Mr. Graham relaxed and read the story under the headline.

Three homes had been burgled in the town last night, and all the gifts and several sets of tree lights had been stolen. Peace on earth, indeed, Mr. Graham thought; good will toward men; we're the only sensible family in town.

THE GRAHAMS, by agreement, were breaking themselves of the Christmas habit.

They did everything by agreement; if it wasn't unanimous, it wasn't for the Grahams. Mr. Graham was the kind of man who thought things out, and Mrs. Graham was the kind of woman who, when he had thought things out, said that he was absolutely right. Kevin and Emily were the kind of children who liked explanations, the longer the better, and who rewarded your patience with an understanding that was touching.

It was interesting, although a little disturbing if you looked at it that way, to notice that this year the children had looked forward to not having Christmas with as much eagerness as in other years they had looked forward to having Christmas.

On the previous New Year's Day, Mr.

They were stringing the long cords of lights out upon the floor, and sorting the tinsel and bells and stars into heaps

Graham said at breakfast that he had been thinking about Christmas. As long as he could remember it had been a failure in varying degrees; wasn't that the case with everyone?

Mrs. Graham thought about it and poured him out a second cup of tea, and said that he was absolutely right. The children asked what he meant.

Well, Mr. Graham said, every custom was an attempt at perfection, and all such attempts were bound to fail. Emily said rather wistfully that she didn't believe in Santa Claus any longer.

The thing was, Mr. Graham went on, customs were constant, while habits kept changing. The mental habits of to-day were very different from the

mental habits of the first Christmas, centuries ago. Obviously.

The thing was, Mr. Graham said, you couldn't change a custom. You either dropped it or observed it.

To bring it down to earth, Mr. Graham said, consider the difference between Christmas as it was supposed to be and Christmas as it was. The song hit the nail right on the head. The fellow was dreaming of a white Christmas, when, if Kevin would remember, last year it hadn't snowed until the day school started. Kevin remembered. And other discrepancies, Mr. Graham said. The war, of course, mocking peace on earth. Presents. And rationing.

Whoever got the presents that he had

really hoped for? No one nowadays. You'd only to look at some of the Christmas cards that a few misguided friends still sent round to see how far away from Christmas as it was supposed to be they had grown. Turkeys and plum puddings and Yule logs and crackers—and one was expected to work all that up on fourpennyworth of corned beef. Ha!

Well, then, Mr. Graham said, here was the point. The point was that Christmas was fine while it had been a custom, but that it wasn't a custom any longer.

It was just a habit. That was a cynical statement, but these were cynical times; they were so

The Graham family had agreed not to celebrate Christmas with the usual festivities. It was reason against sentiment, they said. But something stronger than either reason or sentiment intervened when snow came

by ROBERT E. JOHNSON



ILLUSTRATED BY SINDALL

cynical, in fact, that a really beautiful custom had become only a habit.

Now it seemed to Mr. Graham that the issue was whether to continue year in year out, with a habit that brought disappointment and failure. He wanted them to think about it.

As for himself, it seemed to go against all reason to nourish any habit that was not entirely a good one. Through reasoning you could strip your life of many encumbrances, live more freely, be hurt less often. That wasn't so important to Kevin and Emily now, but later it would be. He wanted them to think about it.

Emily asked if he meant not to have a tree or lights, and Mr. Graham said he hadn't thought it out that far, but what did Mrs. Graham think about it?

Mrs. Graham said a tree really was a lot of work, the lights going out, and chasing up and down the string for the bad bulb, and then the needles always continually falling, and if you put it in a bucket the water always got on the floors and made a ring; more trouble than you'd think, really. But Kevin wanted to know right away about presents.

Well, Mr. Graham said, they would work it this way. They would decide what they wanted most in the way of a gift—with a reason, of course—and when they had made up their minds they would get the gift then and no waiting around until Christmas.

Kevin and Emily shrieked with pleasure and wriggled on their chairs. Mr. Graham had not counted on his idea receiving such a warm reception, and he found himself beaming.

Mr. Graham bought himself a leather wallet, and came home thanking Mrs. Graham warmly for it.

The next week Mrs. Graham announced that she had bought herself a hat "for the 25th"—they had all taken to referring to Christmas as "the 25th"—and presented Mr. Graham with the bill and a smacking kiss.

Kevin had said that what he really wanted was a building set, but he had been cautioned to wait and make up his mind for sure, and now he said that a building set was his final choice.

Emily held out longest, wavering between "a blackboard that you pull up the cellophane and the writing goes away," and a doll's push-chair. In October, having entered school and begun to learn to write, she settled on the blackboard.

MR. GRAHAM could do strange things with his mind, open or close it like a door, and about the whole thing he kept it open. He was not surprised when, by the middle of November, Kevin and Emily had completely forgotten their building set and blackboard and never went near them. Now, on the eve of the 25th, they had got those things out again, and were playing with them in silent concentration.

Again Mr. Graham had not been surprised; he had expected it, to tell the truth, and it seemed to him rather a bad sign. And then, of course, the snow coming on Christmas Eve. But he was by no means ready to give in; everyone knew that habits were anything but easy to break.

It had in fact, been even more difficult than he had expected. There were the two days' holiday, for instance. After talking it over with Mrs. Graham they had decided to treat them as an extra week-end.

Food, too. As usual Mrs. Graham's mother had sent them a Christmas pudding, and then, just to knock them all down with a feather, at the last minute the butcher had offered them a chicken. Nobody in her senses would have refused it, declared Mrs. Graham firmly.

Did he, Mr. Graham wondered, detect a shade of defiance in her tone? But it was other people's presents that brought them the nearest to a problem. Just because there were a few more things about people seemed to have made up

their minds to outdo each other in making up for the past few years' deficiencies. Of course, the children were allowed to open them as soon as they arrived—there was quite a little joke in the family about "un-Christmas presents."

So here they were, on Christmas Eve, settled down in the living-room to listen to their favourite variety programme on the radio. But this year there was not much variety to the programme; all it had was an unusually elaborate production of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*.

THE FIRST TIME Mr. Graham looked up from the paper was when Kevin and Emily dragged their building set and blackboard into the room, and the second time was when Mrs. Graham remarked that it was snowing. The third time he looked up he was finished with the paper and as he folded it and laid it on the floor beside his chair he was aware of a stillness in the room.

The children had stopped playing. They might have done so just a minute ago, or quite a while ago, Mr. Graham couldn't say.

Emily was sitting beside her mother on the sofa, watching Mrs. Graham's nimble fingers without much interest, and Kevin, who would rather sit on the hardest floor than on the best of furniture, was sitting in the big chair between the bookcases, across from Mr. Graham. Just sitting there.

"Well, Kevin," Mr. Graham said, "What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"I don't know," Kevin said. He looked at one shoe and rubbed it with the other shoe, and then rubbed the second with the first. "I hadn't thought about it."

"You can shovel the paths for one

thing," Mr. Graham said. "I'll help you." He looked toward the sofa and caught Emily's eye. "And Emily, too, if she wants to."

"I don't care," said Emily, folding her hands in her lap and sighing the sigh of the aged.

Mr. Graham's glance fell on Kevin's half-finished bridge.

"What's the matter with the bridge?" he asked. "Parts missing?"

"No-o-o," Kevin said.

Mrs. Graham looked up from her knitting. "He'd like to play a game of snap with you, Sam."

Kevin stared at his mother. "No, I wouldn't!" he said. It came out more fiercely than he had intended, and he added by way of apology, "Thank you."

"Well, in that case," Mr. Graham said, and got up and went into the hall. When he came back, coat on and hat in hand, Kevin jumped off the chair and asked where he was going, and Emily jumped down off the sofa. "Why, for a walk," he said. "Why?"

They did not answer, but their faces, which had lighted up for an instant, darkened.

"Kiss your father goodnight," Mrs. Graham said to the children, and, looking up at Mr. Graham: "They want to go to bed."

"To bed?" Mr. Graham said. "Why, it's only eight o'clock." He looked from Emily to Kevin and from Kevin to Emily. "You asked to stay up till nine because to-morrow's going to be another Sunday!"

They looked at him, and said they knew they could stay up if they wanted to; they wanted to go to bed, anyway.

Mr. Graham did not have to ask what was the matter.

"I seem to detect some resentment,"

he said, "and it's quite out of place. We all went into this together, knowing what we wanted."

"I know it," Kevin said. "I'm not caring."

"No," Mr. Graham said, "but it's not the way you thought it would be. Christmas never was, either, was it?" They didn't say anything. Mrs. Graham had stopped knitting long ago and was watching them. Mr. Graham felt it was a grave moment in their lives.

"What it comes down to is this," Mr. Graham said, speaking quietly: "Whether you prefer sentiment or reason. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

They said they did.

"Sentiment or reason," Mr. Graham said. "Some people live by one, some people by the other. The only thing is, it's imperative that you understand the difference between them. The choice is clear! If you want Christmas, it's sentiment, and if you don't, it's reason. Whichever you say."

They thought about it. Then Kevin's lips began to quiver at the corners with that particular smile which, on his father's face, meant that he was about to get off something awfully good.

"Well," Kevin said, "I think it would be reasonable if we had a tree."

They all burst out laughing—Emily tardily and slightly imitative; it was the first time that day that any of them had laughed out loud. They went on laughing, the four of them, until it was more than laughter.

IT WAS A SORT of relaxing insanity, the kind of thing that could occur only within a very close and understanding family, and in it they abandoned themselves to their feelings, throwing all reason aside. When they were quiet again the house was silent, but in the atmosphere that presence of pulsing movement seemed to have returned.

Mr. Graham stood up and stuck his hat on his head. "Wait up until I come back," he said, and went out of the front door.

On the steps he stopped for a moment, just to get his bearings. He did not know whether to feel defeated or triumphant. He was attracted by a scrambling noise inside the house, and turned to look in the window.

Mrs. Graham was coming down the stairs with the three large boxes they kept their tree trimmings in, and the children were falling upon her eagerly. They were stringing the long cords of lights out upon the floor, and sorting the tinsel and bells and stars into heaps in the corner where the tree would be, calling to each other as they discovered an ornament they had forgotten, and handling those strips of cheap ribbon and the fragile bulbs with a loving care.

They knew all the shops were closed, but they knew their father had gone out to buy a tree; and they knew he'd come back with one. He didn't belong to the local Rotary Club for nothing. Mr. Graham had never seen the three of them so happy.

He reflected that it was happiness they were after, on Christmas or any other day, and that happiness was an affair of the heart, not the mind.

He had been a fool; there hadn't been any choice between reason and sentiment at all. Reason caused all the hell in the world, not sentiment. Mankind did not feel enough; it warred upon itself with its mind.

Christmas would fail again this year, in home after home, but by next year everybody would be ready to try again. They would never make it, but they would always try again.

He had been wrong. It was more than a habit; it was a heroic attempt at love thrown outward like a warming mantle.

Mr. Graham turned from the window. "Christ almighty!" he said aloud. Mr. Graham was a man who never swore, and he was not swearing now.

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Samuel Pepys



Others have worthily served the State and fame has passed them by. But Pepys, who served his country well as Secretary of the Navy, wrote a Diary.

It is one of the most entertaining documents in the English language. But Pepys as gad-about, as man about town, playgoer, frequenter of the green-room, vain of his clothes, is eclipsed by Pepys the social observer, and, above all, by Pepys of the Admiralty, anxious to prevent financial starvation of the Navy, assiduous to combat the parsimony of Parliament and the extravagance of the Court of Charles II.

His interest in the King's mistresses, his habit of referring to "My Wife, poor wretch," and of ending diary entries by "And so to Bed," are minor idiosyncracies. His eye-witness account of the Great Fire would alone make his Diary memorable.

COUNTRYMAN'S CHRISTMAS

We may not have the tinsel-bright Christmas of the town-folk says the man on the farm, but it's everybody's festival, and we keep alive many of the good, old customs our forbears gave us

by JOHN MAY

THERE'S BEEN A SNOWSTORM every night in many a cottage round our part this last week. Feathers everywhere! Now the succulent, country-reared bird is ready for the townsman's table.

The price of the bird is helping to buy something for the cottage kid's stocking. And perhaps a few bob of it will fill an extra mug or two at the country pub.

Town and country are in harmony. The tune is: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas, praise be, is everybody's festival. There is none of that one-lot-working, t'other-lot-playing which arises on August Bank Holiday, when the sweltering corn harvest is at its breakneck busiest.

In the country at this time of year we don't sweat much—unless it's about the nose, as rustics say.

Not that there isn't plenty to do. I mean that the winter job on the farm can be pretty grim in cold weather. And farming, unlike a factory, cannot entirely shut down—even for Christmas Day.

There's always milking. And filling icy milk bottles before dawn is a guaranteed way to get chilblains.

The cowshed has to be mucked out, the horses fed. Finger-nuzzling calves in their aromatic loose boxes must have their milk or gruel out of a pail. There may be ice to break on the ponds so that the animals can drink.

The Farmer's "Family"

Sheep (they'll be lambing soon) want some hay. If the weather is very rough, heifers and bullocks on the frozen pastures will need oat or barley straw to eat, perhaps also a cartload of mangels or sugar beet tops.

Farmers, you see, are like housewives. They always have the "family" to tend.

This was the same on the first Christmas. The shepherds were on the job then, you

In spite of the farm-work, country people find time to sing their favourite Christmas carols. If they can get some "home brew" they'll toast in the New Year, too!

remember. It will always be so. Governments go, mechanisation comes. But in its essentials the countryside is changeless.

On most farms, in the old days before the two wars, the day labourers came along early Christmas morning. They helped the horse-men and the cowmen to get done. Then, about breakfast time, all hands paraded at the farmhouse door for hot cocoa and currant cake.

Afterwards the Master (they all called him that) gave each a "lump o' meat," generally beef, and a cake baked by the Mistress to take home for Christmas.

Town-Level Freedom

The farmhouse stands here now, as it did then, and has done for 300 years. Yet the outlook of the farmhand has changed tremendously in fifty years.

Learning a lesson from his townworker cousin, he is shaking off the old feudal dependence on his employer. He is struggling towards town-level freedom.

Nowadays many farm workers habitually call the boss by his first name.

They like and respect one another. Plenty of cottage ovens still cook a tasty Christmas present from the farmer. This is not feudalism, but friendship.

As with all changes, some good things go with the bad. Labour is no longer plentiful and cheap, so there is little of the old, happy

gangwork. And less still of good home-brewed beer!

It is quiet up at the village bakehouse, where the boy who once helped in the wind-mill long since married the master's daughter. Nobody takes the Christmas dinner there this year in a baking tin with paper over the top, to be cooked in the great bread oven—for a penny.

Yet many good things survive. We have a wonderful village bazaar at Christmas. If you call at a cottage at this time, you are pressed to a glass of potent home-made wine—dandelion, elderberry, cowslip, blackcurrant, all sorts. Farmhouses offer something out of a barrel—beer, or maybe cider.

And, despite the throttling "boom" of radio, we still sing. Father conducts a choral society which was started by a forbear of my mother's nearly a hundred years ago.

Last year they sang a new carol which I thought out while ploughing land that once belonged to William Byrd. He was the Elizabethan musician who said: "Since singing is so fine a thing, I wish all men would learn to sing."

Naturally our country Christmas is not so tinsel-bright as yours in town. We haven't electricity laid on yet. Nor are our cakes so slickly iced as shop ones.

He's Part of It

But, while the countryman is learning lessons from the townsman about economic freedom, he can repay in natural philosophy.

Whatever his lot, none is so calm and contented as your country-bred man. There is a reward in being so close to Nature even in mid-winter.

All about him the countryman sees the elemental processes of birth, life, mating, death—and rebirth. Neither morbid nor terrible as these things sometimes seem in man-made surroundings, to him they are very much the natural order. And he feels himself part of it.

Because of this, I believe we come nearer to the spirit of Christmas in the country. In a warm, cobwebby farm stable, littered with golden straw, and lantern lit, it is not very difficult to imagine that other stable in Bethlehem.



There's always the milking, of course. And filling icy milk bottles before dawn on Christmas morning may not be your idea of fun

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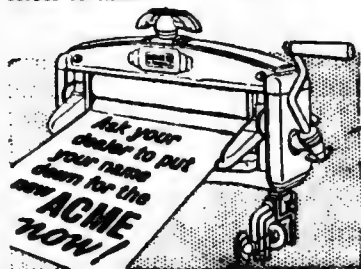
JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS COMPANY LTD.

Of course we're
looking forward to
new pretty clothes—



But I do think, too, the war has taught us how to care for clothes and make them last. My bet's an Acme. No hard work for me, and no wash-day wear and tear for my clothes either. Mother's keeping all her curtains and blankets till our dealer tells us our Acme's come, because she knows from experience that only with an Acme will she get that perfect cleanliness and finish she desires. Blankets or my "pretties"—she says they're all one to an Acme!

Mother—and you—won't have much longer to wait now! Any time now your dealer will say, "Good news to-day—your Acme's here." For Acme is switching back to this vital production, and women who have seen—or do see now—about being first on the list will have their own wise selves to thank!



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A competition under the above title has been organized by the Central Institute of Art & Design, The National Gallery, London, at the invitation of W. H. Smith & Son, so that British youth may express to manufacturers their ideas for the design of domestic furniture and equipment. Entries will be judged solely on the merits of the ideas presented. Open to British subjects of either sex, under 30 years of age, including members of H.M. Forces. No entrance fee.

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GOODYEAR TYRE

Pastime Page

PRIZES WON BY FIRESIDE

WHEN we get home of an evening, how good it is to forget about work as we sit by the fire. Our "Chains Of Office," in fact, Melt In the Fireside's Glow. And though smokes are dear and coal scarce nowadays, it is true to say of the average man that what Makes Him Happy is a Roaring Fire and a Quiet Smoke.

All of us like to dream By The Fire, especially the old folk—the "Old Brigade," who find, in the thoughts inspired by the leaping flames, an "Escape" into the past.

We used up nearly 100 words in those two paragraphs. By compressing the same thoughts into the 21 words in italics, three readers won prize cheques from John Bull! For more than 32 years the making of Bullets like these has proved a fascinating fireside hobby and, now that peace has come, nobody enjoys it better than the reader returning from the Forces.

"After six years in the Army," said one of them—"Bulleter" G. H. Brewer, 23, Yeovil Road, Farnborough—"I'm back in the old armchair, making Bullets. My wife sewing, my youngster reading and, above all, the feeling,

"Bless this home, Oh Lord, we pray!"

How profitable those fireside thoughts may be was proved recently by a former R.A.F. man, "Bulleter" A. McCabe, 11, Ashley Gardens, West Hartlepool. A £250 cheque rewarded him for heading our 1,503rd prize-list with the neat and timely Bullet, BRITAIN'S HARD UP, BUT—BETTER LACKING THAN LACKEY!

Back at his job of commercial traveller, "Bulleter" McCabe has plenty of time to think out ideas as he travels from town to town, he told us. "Then, when I get over the fire at home at night," he added, "I try to turn those ideas into neat phrases."

Spend this evening fitting a few neat phrases to Examples from this page. And, instead of a penny for your fireside thoughts, John Bull may well send you one of this Contest's 100 New Year cheques!

1st, 2nd, 3rd.

Why such gloom about the atom? Its power can confer priceless gifts upon mankind—and one we have already. For a topical and telling reminder of this, £250 First Prize (Contest 1,506) goes to Mr. L. G. Smith, 25, Furlong Avenue, Arnold, Nottingham, winner with this Bullet: Peaceful Christmas—The Atom's First "Gift."

Second Prize of £25: Brotherhood—Bethlehem's "Teaching"—Palestine Learning? (A. L. Fitch, 44, Knollys Road, Streatham, S.W.16); Third Prize, £10: Freedom From Want—"Char-

ter" Making John "King." (Mrs. S. MacCreanor, 81, Home Farm Road, Dublin).

Special Christmas Awards, as announced, added to First, Second and Third Prizes, also to £5 and £2 10s. awards.

Other Winners:

Brotherhood—"You Ape!" "You Baboon!" (£5, J. Cavanagh, 20, Moorby St., Oldham, Lancs); In Hospital—"Danger List," Staff Vacancies. (£5, F. Chappell, 6, Belgrave Gardens, N.14); Santa Claus—When Britannia's Not "Cinderella." (£5, L. Hornby, 35, Craig St., Ardwick, Manchester); In Sonny's Pocket—Hole Forgiven, But Toad— (£5, A. Jackson, 47, Finchley Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham); When Dad Retires—Slippers—Pipe—"Situations Vacant." (£5, Lieut. R. Kirkland, Black Bank, Nr. Gretna, Dumfries); Puts Years On This—Miserable Sinner, Miserable Christian! (£5, Mrs. C. Mallinson, Philorth, Crosthwaite Road, Keswick, Cumb.); Comforting Words—To Mankind, Nazi "Sentences." (£5, B. Phillips, 20, Queen Street, Pilsley, Nr. Chesterfield, Derbys); None The Worse—For Wear, Grandpa's Past! (£5, B. Rayner, 19, Armley Road, Leeds); Brotherhood—Foster Faster! (£5, J. E. Tomlinson, 129, Henthorn Road, Clitheroe, Lancs); When Dad Retires—Grandad, "Been Sacked, Sonny?" (£5, E. Yeates, Church Street, Martock, Som.).

Notifications to 10 £2 10s. winners and 100 winners of



GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A "BULLET"

Our Pram—Trembled At Landlady's "No!"

Christmas Cakes (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best Bullet received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four Bullets, or value 6d. to cover two Bullets.—no free extra entries now permitted. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for Bullets and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contest in John Bull dated Jan. 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.



Back on the old job or starting a new,

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

will keep your shoes smart and comfortable

Black, Brown and Tonette. In Tins 3d. and 6d.

CB/15V



Collar Attached SHIRTS

8/6 EACH Postage 7d. for one or two shirts.

Navy shade only. Strong, heavy drill—shrunk finish—Sizes 14 to 16½. 5 Coupons. Post Orders. State clearly size required, also enclose coupons and cash.

John Hawkins & Sons Ltd

COTTON SPINNERS & MANUFACTURERS 40 retail branches in London, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham and other Midland towns and in Lancashire.

MAIL ORDER SERVICE, Dept. J.B.4 Greenbank Mills, PRESTON, LANC.

HAWKINS—THE FIRM WITH THE FACTORIES

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

CARE and common-sense are all you need to win some welcome Crossword cash with the Square below. Study each Clue carefully and be sure to post your entry in time.

Another £100 Xword First must be won, as well as prizes value £25 for Runners-up. Fine 4-lb. Fruit Cakes are added to every prize value 5s. or more.

Across

1. Experienced boxer knows what to do when a person does this
3. It is often difficult to get one to pull up
6. You'll be lucky if you get good one for a mere song
11. Cost of running one may well turn out astonishing
12. These can easily be too sharp to suit many people
13. This delays finishing a certain kind of job

Down

1. Talented writers of this often make money in theatre
2. Average amateur golfer occasionally makes stroke worthy of
4. Experience tells him how to use his powerful voice
5. Can prove quite damaging
7. Commonly used to keep people out
8. Even the poorest family has a little something to
9. Piece of jewellery won't be quite so good if made with
10. Statesmen ought to know something of events in the remote

Xword 458 Result

WINNING WORDS: Across: 1. Fool. 2. Cape. 7. Gig. 11. Grated. 12. Gain. 13. Slice. Down: 1. Fake. 3. Load. 4. Liking. 5. Crime. 6. Ring. 8. Gorge. 9. Eyes. 10. Ban. FOUR £250 SHARERS: W. L. Dann, Newcastle - on - Tyne; T. M. MacEwan, Glasgow; C. Manderson, Woodside Park, N.12; Mrs. M. J. Meakin, Burton - on - Trent. Runners-up Awards value £50 shared between 58 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Xmas Cakes.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1,509 (or XWORD 461).

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—3d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of John Bull's interesting and helpful Crossword Gazette dated Jan. 18. If no Gazette required, one additional plain - paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

461 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 31.



Signed.....

Address.....

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS"

TO make a Bullet, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your Bullet as usual.

AT BRITAIN'S SHOP THE NEW YEAR TORCH OF PROGRESS I WANT A HOUSE, BUT KNOTTY PROBLEM WHAT LIES AHEAD IN RECONSTRUCTION'S JUNGLE FRANKLY TRIED AND TESTED FINE THING LIFE'S WINTER HENPECK STRUCK AND KISSES WITHOUT A MURMUR NO MEDALS BORED TO TEARS

100 Cheques Waiting

First Prize, £200; Second, £25; Third, £10; 2 of £8; 3 of £6; 4 of £4; 4 of £3; 4 of £2; 80 of £1; 1,000 Merit Awards.

All the above 100 Cheques will reach winners on Thursday, January 17.

LIKE A SCARECROW BIT OF A DARE-DEVIL DAD'S ARGUMENT IF WORDS WERE RATIONED

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"

See instructions. BUILDING CAUSED A WORST OF RESOLUTION GRABBED THE DOOR-STEP ON

"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

For £50 "Bulletin" dated Jan. 19, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value..... Signed.....

No..... Address.....

1,509 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 31.

For Quicker,
Smoother, Cooler Shaves

CHANGE TO
COLGATE
Brushless SHAVE CREAM

IN SHORTER
SUPPLY NOW
LIKE MOST
GOOD THINGS

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 including Tax

the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's"...

Player's
Please

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS



N.C.C.157C

BRITISH WINES

WITH A NAME
YOU KNOW
"BEHIND"
THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port, Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The "Whiteway" Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

BEST ON EARTH

whether it's loam, chalk or clay

DUNLOP

write to JOHN BULL about it

Continued from page 3

AUSSIES MAY ADOPT ORPHAN

lumbago. When it was found that the trouble was due to injury sustained at work, you were given compensation for the whole period. The sick pay had to be returned.

You have spent the money and cannot return the lump sum required. The most you can do is to suggest repaying in small instalments when you are able to resume work. The society may not agree to this, but legal proceedings against you are unlikely. The fact that you have a young boy to support on your small compensation will not be overlooked.

A Home Abroad

"MY COUSIN in Australia has only one child, but she and her husband would like to adopt a British war orphan. She has written to ask me whether there are any definite arrangements for this over here.

"Is it possible to send out individual children to Australia for adoption, and what is the method of procedure?"

✓ A child may not be sent abroad for adoption unless a licence has been granted by a magistrate in this country. A magistrate will give this if a satisfactory report is received from a trustworthy source concerning the persons who wish to make the adoption, and always provided that the transfer is likely to be for the welfare of the child.

I suggest that you explain your cousin's proposition to the authority concerned—the Ministry of Pensions, Children's Department, Norcross, Blackpool—and find out what they have to say about it.

Exchanging Houses

"I AM THINKING of exchanging my house—my own freehold property—for the house of a friend in another part of the country. What steps have to be taken to do this? Can you give me an idea of the probable costs, legal or otherwise?"

✓ You will have to employ a solicitor to arrange for the "conveyance" of your house. Your friend will have to do the same. But if the same solicitor acts for you both, the expenses may be lighter.

The legal costs will be £2 per cent. on the declared value of the house, plus stamp duty, which is £1 per

cent. on a house worth over £500. If the house is worth less than £500 the stamp duty is halved.

By agreeing to exchange houses with your friend you both avoid having to pay commission to an estate agent.

Mushroom Growing

"DURING A DISCUSSION on post-war occupations, one of the men in my unit said he intended taking up the growing of mushrooms. I fail to see how this could be profitable except on a very large scale. Is there anywhere we can get information about how to start in the business?"

✓ To go in for the full-time production of mushrooms would certainly require experience and a considerable capital to ensure success. It is not the kind of work which can be taken up casually by ex-Servicemen who have not the necessary knowledge.

The best course would be for your friend to get a job with a firm of mushroom specialists until he has learnt the pitfalls and snags. Try to get a book called *The Cultivation of Mushrooms*, by W. F. Bewley, published by the Anglo-Scottish Press, Ltd., 67, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, price 3s. 6d.

Taxis and Taxes

"LAST DECEMBER I started a small private car hire business. The car and first expenses were paid for equally from my wife's and my own savings. The work has been shared between us in all ways, including driving, booking, cleaning, and so on.

"Can I claim anything from income tax as wages for my wife? Without her help I should have had to employ and pay somebody else. In the circumstances ought she to have an insurance and unemployment card?"

"I should add that as well as sharing the work we also share the profits, so that, in effect, she is receiving a wage."

✓ I see your point well enough, but unless you can show that you have paid your wife a regular wage, and have entered it in your books each week, you may find it difficult to persuade the Inspector of Taxes that this is a legitimate business expense.

But there appear to be good grounds for claiming that you and your wife are in fact partners in the business. In the absence of any agreement to the contrary, profits should be regarded as being shared equally. If you can do this it will result in as much income tax relief as you would obtain by paying her a weekly salary.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free



We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B, which dogs need. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. In packets of 10 for 7d., from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 12, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.

GEORGE
**BELL'S BLOOD
SALTS**
for Dogs
★ VITAMIN B₁ ADDED



**STOP
THAT**

COUGH!
COUGH!!
COUGH!!! WITH
VENO'S

Its Lightning action stops coughing, checks tickling in the throat, and allays soreness in the chest

VENO'S Lightning Cough Mixture 1/4 per bottle (inc. tax).

Names to Remember!



"DESBEAU"

"Desbeau" Utility Corsetry is of finest value, unfortunately still in short supply.

Obtainable only from Co-operative Societies.

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GN 1754:

DRY SCALP can ruin your hair

Here's a Tonic Hair Dressing that destroys this enemy to healthy, handsome hair

One of the worst enemies of thick, healthy hair is Dry Scalp. It makes hair dull, lifeless, dry. Scurf and dandruff follow. Very soon you may begin to notice your hair is falling. What's to do?

The best way to avoid these dangers is to massage 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic gently into the scalp. A few drops are sufficient.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is tonic and dressing combined. If you want a healthy head of hair, and want to avoid Dry Scalp, be sure you use it regularly. It also keeps the hair smooth and tidy and always in place.

Get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Price 2/7½ (including purchase tax).

The supplies of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic are not yet at pre-war level, so please be patient if you cannot always obtain it easily.

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
ENDS DRY SCALP

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

P.S. Don't forget to use 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 5d. a packet (including purchase tax)

Famel



CONQUERS

coughs

FAMEL SYRUP
(BRAND)

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

Barry has boundless energy

He's a lively little fellow—brimming over with fun. It would be difficult to find a more sturdy, robust boy at his age. Mother is proud of him and has always kept a watchful eye on his health. She well knows that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system. It is the natural treatment for children—the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.



'California Syrup of Figs'

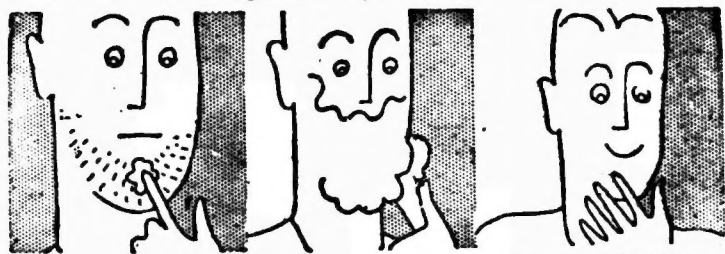
FALSE TEETH and don't they look fine

You can laugh, chat and enjoy life free from dental plate worry. That's the assurance you get if you sprinkle your plate in the morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder.

Dr. Wernet's forms a soft, antacid cushion which keeps your mouth healthy and prevents gum soreness.

Dr. Wernet's Powder

Get a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder from your chemist to-day.
60,000 Dentists recommend it the world over.



How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 Wet the beard thoroughly. 2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip. 3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3
PER JAR



For men in a hurry!

WARDONIA BLADES FOR BETTER SHAVES



Good!

—that nasty little rash is all gone!

Anyone who has used Germolene knows how effective it is. It sinks in through the skin, penetrating so deeply that the hidden cause of itching, burning irritation is quickly removed. And then the formation of lovely new skin just natural'y follows. So use Germolene 1/4 & 3/4 inc. Pur. Tax.

For all everyday skin troubles

PUT
YOUR
TRUST IN

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT



It's GLORIOUS to be rid so soon of a really BAD

HEADACHE

Yes, it's great to find oneself freed so soon from a splitting and mind-muddling Headache. Whenever one comes on I always take Beecham's Powders. They're simply wonderful! In quite a short time one becomes bright, alert and cheerful again, ready for whatever has to be done. Quickly absorbed, they are speedy in action.



Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4
Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Young or old
COUGH or COLD
Can't do better than
get some...



OH, THE RELIEF FROM CATARRH!

Treat Catarrh with "Nostroline" Nasal Remedy now. In next to no time you'll feel the benefit. For over 30 years Catarrh sufferers have blessed the name of "Nostroline." It works quickly, clearing vital air passages, checking and removing the formation of mucus in nose and throat, banishing stuffiness, soothing soreness. Doctors recommend. Safe for children. In tubes 1/5d, including tax, from all chemists.

NOSTROLINE

WHY HEADACHES need a double remedy

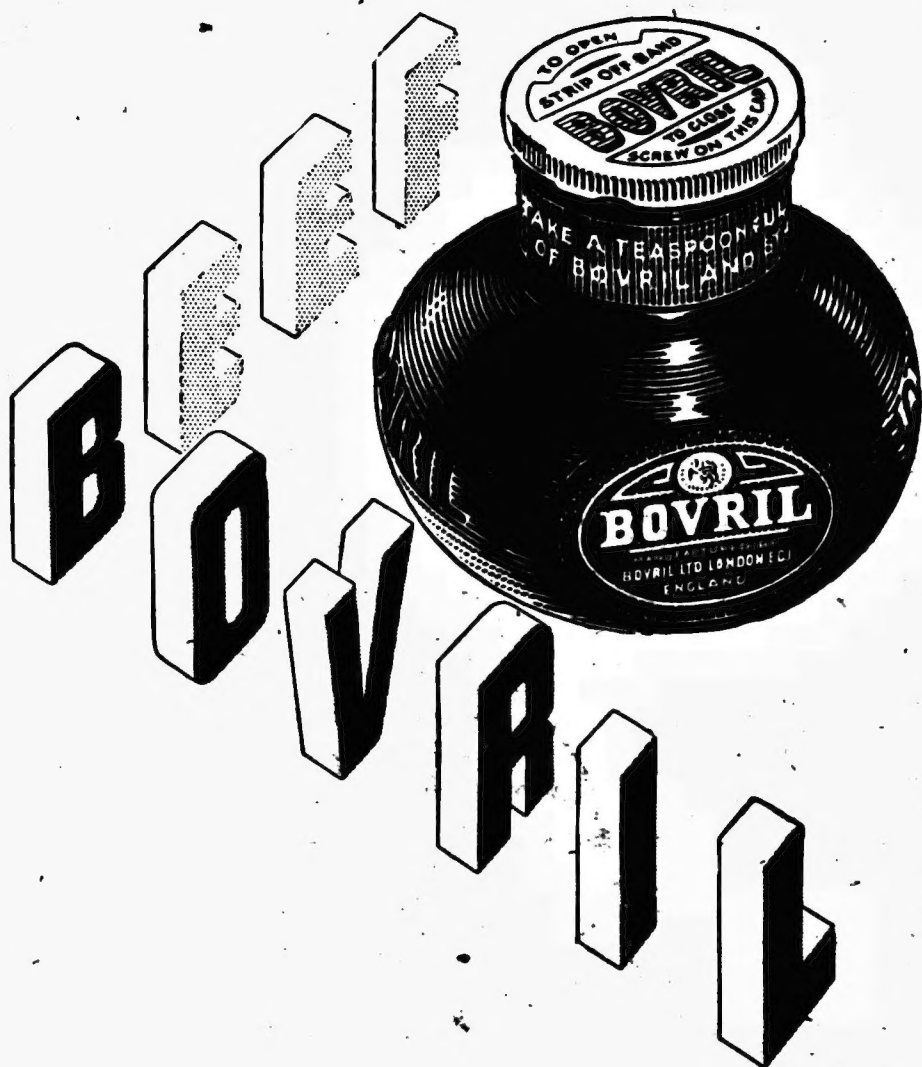
If you find that you can't get rid of those headaches whatever you do, just try Propax Tablets. Propax is wonderful for bringing relief to all sorts of pain, because it is a combination of the two greatest and safest pain relievers, aspirin and phenacetin. They reinforce and complement each other in a way that no other single drug can do, and they do not disturb heart or stomach. That is why Propax drives away pain so quickly—quicker than you ever dared to hope.

PROPAX

DOUBLE POWER
TABLETS

At all chemists and stores.
6½d., 1/5d. and 2/6d.
REALLY STOP PAIN

There's no flavour like



It's the beef in BOVRIL that makes it "top favourite" for cooking, for sandwiches, for cheering hot drinks. Prime lean beef gives this flavour to Bovril—Bovril brings it to you in a highly concentrated and most convenient form.

★ Add Bovril to soup, sauces, stews and casseroles. It enriches your dishes and makes them more delicious.

★ Spread Bovril on bread-and-butter or toast for sandwiches or snacks. It's so quick—and a very little goes so far.

BOVRIL

FOR ALL-ROUND ENJOYMENT

In bottles—1 oz. 7½d.; 2 oz. 1½; 4 oz. 2½; 8 oz. 3½; 16 oz. 6½



Extra mildness—
and what a lively lather!

Think of mildness, think of freshness, think of a rich creamy lather—and there you have Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. This is the soap whose special ingredient makes it extra mild—kindness itself to the tenderest skin. And you'll love the feeling of freshness you get after a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet

LBT 622-412-65

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED